

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 4, 1965

35 CENTS

WORLD SERIES





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ZOILO VERSALLES

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Quiet Q Power



1966 Falcon Futura Sports Coupe

1966 Falcon

America's economy champ—now on its third million—with a sporty new look for '66! You get the low price and big economy you buy a compact for . . . without having to compromise on style, strength, roominess or ride! You get a new, lean, long-hooded look and

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YOUR CAR FOR THE BETTER.**



ALCOA

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Next week

CHRIS'S CREW is breathing new life into the San Francisco 49ers. Tex. Mauler pitcher Ken Willard and the other young pros who may make a genius of Coach Jack Christensen.

THE BEST HORSE in the world may be France's Sea Bird or England's Meadow Court—or America's Tom Rolfe. They and a dozen others meet in the Arc de Triomphe.

TWO SPANIARDS nearly won the 1963 Canada Cup in Paris. Now, in Madrid, a pair of them takes on Jack Nicklaus and Tony Lema, plus the top teams from 35 other countries.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gary Hall

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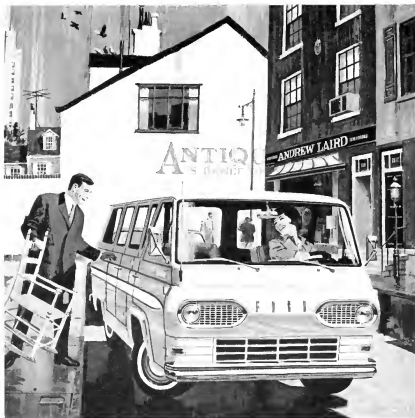
A large part of every issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is devoted to major events—the ones that make the news—and that's understandable. Readers care about how Jack Nicklaus won the Masters, why Green Bay should become NFL champion and what makes Tony Oliva of the Twins such a good hitter, and they expect us to inform them on these matters. This week's issue is no exception. With the baseball season reaching the stage where it has whole cities in ferment and with football just beginning to seize its annual share of national attention, we have given 19 pages to these two sports alone.

We have never felt, however, that attentiveness to the events that make the headlines gives us license to ignore those that do not. Quite the contrary. Part of the vitality of sport—for both the participant and the spectator—is its diffusion. The man who finds the World Series exciting is also likely to be stimulated by accounts of equally intense but far more esoteric athletic endeavors. That is why we habitually cover major happenings in the so-called minor sports. In past issues we have run stories on the Soap Box Derby as well as the national championships in soaring, fast draw, bronco riding, horse-shoe pitching, table tennis and curling, events that have their own special flavor and their own devoted—even fanatical—followers. There are two such

stories in this week's issue. One is an account of the National Air Races at Las Vegas (page 68), the other a mile-by-mile report on the first annual National Bicycle Championship in the Colorado Rockies (page 32). You won't have to be a pilot to enjoy the one, or Dr. Paul Dudley White to be interested in the other.

The man who reported the bicycle championship, Harold Peterson, is ideally suited to write about the exotic fringe of the sports world. To it he brings an understanding eye, a sharp wit and an appreciation that Yankee Stadium is not all of America. Also enthusiasm. Asked to cover a group of sky divers in New Jersey last July, Peterson shocked his editors and insurance agent by diving out of a plane himself. Less dangerous assignments have taken him to Wyoming for a buffalo hunt and to Mississippi, where he brought his personal touch to bare-handed catfishing (below). "And the squarer the sport, the better," says Peterson. "I even enjoy badminton, croquet and hiking." Peterson was born in Chicago, graduated from Harvard in 1961 and has been with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** ever since. We hope that his eagerness to write about "square" sports and to wrestle catfish continues, although it may be a long while before he is asked to cover sky diving again.





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SHOPWALK

A research chemist worked seriously to manufacture a golf ball that won't smile

Even if a player swings with the power of a Jack Nicklaus he cannot put a cut or smile in my golf ball." So says Harry Lander, the man who has devised a coreless synthetic golf ball that no hacker can hack. To demonstrate its resistance to cuts, Lander will place the ball in a metal cup and pound it with a sharp-pronged hammer. Nothing happens. No cuts, no smiles.

Lander, a research chemist, doesn't play golf, and the ball is a byproduct of an experiment he was conducting with synthetic rubbers in an effort to produce a tough, resilient membrane for use in a saline-water-conversion unit. To test the membrane's resiliency, he had the material—a synthetic elastomer made by the Phillips Petroleum Company—shaped into a ball approximately the same size as a golf ball. Why not, suggested an associate, make it a golf ball?

Lander agreed. After further experimentation in their Trenton, N.J. laboratory, Lander Products developed the Long Play golf ball, one made entirely of synthetic rubber. "For duffers," Lander says, "resistance to cut and tear is an important quality, and that is what the Long Play offers."

The normal golf ball is made by winding natural rubber around a core and then encasing the ball in a hard, vulcanized-rubber shell. Lander's ball is coreless and coverless, being molded homogeneously of synthetic rubber. Lander contends that the fact his ball has no core also makes it perfectly balanced. "It has the precision of a cue ball," says Lander, who is an occasional billiards player.

After he developed the prototype LPs, he gave some to golfers for a field test. Some found there was a slight loss of distance, which would not be important to the high-handicap player, and also complained that the ball did not have that certain "click" so dear to the ears of golfers. So Lander went back to the lab and tested the clicks of the major brands of balls on the market. He then built in a click in much the same way an auto manufacturer builds in the reassuring slam of a car door. Though his click is not exactly right, it isn't bad.

"It was," Lander says, "the hardest task of the entire project."

Lander Products makes only one model, its Long Play. "Why make different balls when one is satisfactory?" asks Lander. With his golf balls on sale in pro-shops and department stores for about \$12 per dozen (the ball is USGA-approved as to weight, size and initial velocity), Lander is returning to his original project—the development of a saline-water converter. "With the drought the way it is we need the converters to water the greens," says Lander, a practical man.

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It's easy to enter! Just pick the winners of the NFL Eastern and Western Conferences. Then fill out the blank provided at right (or print your choice of the winners and your name and address on a plain piece of paper) and mail. You can enter as often as you like provided each entry is mailed separately. To increase your chances of winning, pick up extra entry blanks at the Mennen display in your local store.

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Residents of the United States except employees and their families of The Mennen Company or advertising agencies and the D. A. Bess Corporation (the independent judging organization) are eligible to enter. Sweepstakes ends on day and when it is prohibited or restricted by law. Prizewinners will be notified as soon as possible after the NFL season has closed and/or the winning Eastern and Western Conference teams have been determined. Taxes (including income taxes) are a responsibility will be assigned by The Mennen Company.

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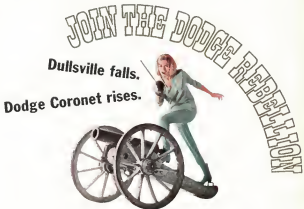
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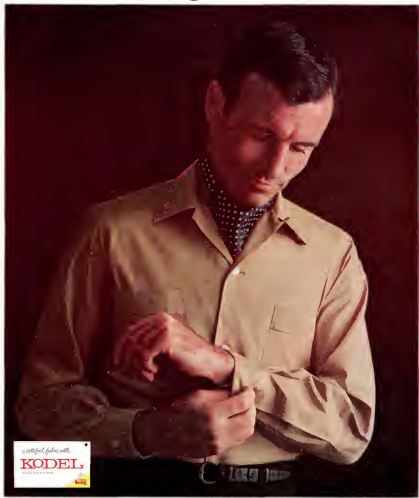
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Model shown: RC 7811 BWD



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SCORECARD

GREED BEGETS GREED

The twin-double system of betting at racetracks has proliferated since its inception at Suffolk Downs in July of 1960. Now 15 of the country's 44 harness tracks have it, as do 13 of 105 flat tracks.

We have frequently and strongly protested that the twin double is not good for racing, even though it increases track handles and the state's percentage. Now events at Yonkers (N.Y.) Raceway, a harness track, have justified these criticisms. Eighteen agents of the Internal Revenue Service swarmed through the crowd one night last week and arrested 11 men on charges of offering to provide false identification to twin-double winners in return for 10% of their winnings.

The temptation to use false identification derives from the IRS rule that anyone with a winning ticket worth more than \$600 must identify himself before collecting and must include his profit in his tax returns. Losses are theoretically deductible from winnings, but the IRS rules are such that losses are just about impossible to prove.

The twin double breeds sharp practice of various kinds. It should be abolished. As for the IRS, its unsatisfactory regulations on betting nurture the very kind of offense its agents are trying to suppress.

THE SICK MAN OF PITTSBURGH

His doctor in Puerto Rico advised the always ailing Roberto Clemente to sit out the 1965 season after his most recent illness—a bout of malaria. Now Clemente is driving toward his second straight batting title, fortified with pep pills, a daily shot of B-12 and strong doses of other vitamins.

Throughout his baseball career, the Pittsburgh Pirates' best but has been plagued with an assortment of back, leg, arm and stomach ailments, not all of them necessarily imaginary, though Clemente is not one to make light of a

hangnail. Now he complains that the pep pills make his neck sore, that he has trouble breathing when he runs the bases and that his strength is not what it should be.

He may be the sickest champion in National League history. As Les Biederman, a sportswriter with *The Pittsburgh Press*, has observed, "If Clemente ever gets well, he could lose the batting championship."

COCKTAIL-TIME PUZZLER

Here's one to ask your group of fellow commuters when they assemble at the station bar: Aside from being sports stars, what do Y. A. Tittle, Whitey Ford, Yogi Berra, Willie Mays and Roger Maris have in common?

The answer is that all five are novelists. With some assistance from Howland Liss, Tittle has co-authored a novel called *Pro Quarterback*, addressed to the young, and the others have turned out novels on baseball. Or so the jackets of their books, published by Argonaut Books, Inc., assert.

RETURN OF THE ICE AGE

One thing the advanced technology of the electronic age has done for yachtsmen is to make them practically immobile. A modern yachtsman who does things right is as dependent on the electric and telephone lines plugged into his marina berth as a human embryo is on the umbilical cord that joins him to his mother. Taking his ease in the stern sheets of a sleek \$75,000 cruiser, a seafarer can watch the ball game on color TV and sip an icy martini while the infrared broiler in the galley works on his filet mignon and an electric dishwasher cleans up the mess from breakfast—but only if he stays tied up at his berth. Electronics have made it possible for any landlubber to navigate in a deep fog from the Grand Banks to the Leeward Islands. Fog and wind and tides are not what he has to worry about. The important thing is: Where will he get his ice cubes if the

power is turned off? A company called General Thermetics now has come up with a lifesaving answer: "Weekender"—a handsome new refrigerator based, according to Thermetics, "on the well established 'eutectic' principle of storing up cold and releasing it later." With the Weekender on board, the company proudly announces, the yachtman can keep ice cubes and frozen foods from thawing "for a full 48 hours after leaving dockside."

THE ESOTERIC SPORTS

Since pillow fighting is a British specialty with robust roots in the first Elizabethan era and beyond, it can be asserted safely that Clifford Walker, a Yorkshire farmer, is the world's champion. At 32, he never has been beaten since his first fight at the age of 16.

Pillow fighters seat themselves facing each other astride a larch pole that is nine inches in diameter and has been stripped of its bark. Each carries in one hand a sack filled with the fleece of a sheep, holding his other arm ready to fend off blows. The rules prohibit a contestant from touching the pole with either hand or dragging his opponent off



the pole as he himself falls. Balanced precariously, with legs dangling, the objective of the pillow fighter is to knock the man facing him from the pole while remaining there himself. If both men hit each other simultaneously and fall to the ground, the referee declares it no bout. Two bouts out of three win the contest.

Efforts to defeat Walker have included that of a British television company,

continued



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The woolmark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc., to quality-tested products made of pure virgin wool.



which hired a massive professional wrestler to challenge the 175-pound Yorkshireman. The TV people were embarrassed. Their champion was battered to the ground repeatedly. After Walker's brother defeated the champion of the village of Hebden—one Thomas Kitchin, who retired with ears "black, blue and bleeding" Hebdenites tried a ruse or two to prevent any Walker from winning the annual event. Their most successful delaying the contest until the Walkers had to leave to milk their cows.

So much for pillow fighting. Albert Bennison of County Durham, England is the new gurning champion of the British Isles. Gurning? It is the fine art of making ugly faces and has been a competitive English sport since 1267. In Bennison's extensive repertoire his best is the expression of an asthmatic bulldog.

ACTUARIAL NOTE

There are some 25 million hunters and shooters in the U.S. today, almost 50% more than 15 years ago. One would expect, therefore, that shooting accidents would have risen proportionately. Wrong. The National Safety Council reports that shooting accidents have decreased 13% since 1950. And an insurance company, Travelers of Hartford, has come up with an even happier discovery. A five-year study revealed that hunting and shooting rank 16th on the list of accident claims resulting from recreational activities. Some of the more dangerous activities: swimming, golf, fishing, baseball, football, church socials, theater-going and concerts.

MAN VS. MACHINE

In September, with its favorable tides, the English Channel takes on the challenge of a horde of swimmers. About one in 10 succeeds in crossing it, and over the years these winners have become so numerous that, as London's *The Observer* noted, swimming the Channel "is looked upon as only slightly more tiresome a way of making the journey than taking the Dover packet boat or the air ferry from Lydd."

But in 1961 an Argentine named Antonio Abertondo completed the first round-trip swim and that, everyone conceded, was a feat worth cheering. To a burly Chicago research chemist, Ted Erikson, it was a challenge. He tried it last year and had to quit halfway through the return trip. This year he decided to

mount a scientific assault. Into a computer he fed such details as his stroke rate, speeds and directions of Channel currents and wind velocity. An experienced pilot would do better than a computer, old salts said. It would not work, they insisted.

It did not work. Again Erikson had to give up on the return trip. He rested three days and tried again, still relying on the computer. Another failure.

On his third attempt in eight days, Erikson turned from the computer to Arthur Liddon, Dover pilot, who plotted the course from an accompanying boat. Fourteen hours and 15 minutes after entering the water at St. Margaret's Bay, Erikson stepped ashore near Calais, rested eight minutes and plunged in again. Shoals of jelly fish impeded him and hallucinations (the pilot boat turned into a rosebush) disturbed him. But he closed his eyes and swam on. Thirty hours and three minutes after he had set out, Erikson stepped ashore at the foot of a cliff just east of Dover. His time was 13 hours faster than Abertondo's.

Now Erikson is planning to train his son, Jon, who is 11, to become the youngest ever to swim the Channel. Without computers.

NOW FOR THE 20TH HOLE

The 19th hole has always been thought of as the stop at the country club bar at the end of a round but now, on the state fairgrounds at Sacramento, a golf course with 19 holes, actual holes, is to be built.

Eighteen holes still will constitute a round of golf, but from time to time the course will be rerouted to allow a fairway or green to be rested, repaired or watered.

And in California, where new highways are constantly cutting through open spaces, the additional fairway will be land insurance for the future.

INJURY-PRONE

For more than a year, Hayden Fry, coach of Southern Methodist's Mustangs, has been troubled by injuries to key personnel, some of them quite ingeniously arrived at. Mike Tabor, for instance, was injured while skateboarding during the summer. So, during the season's opener against Miami, Fry held his breath and, wondrously, not a single player was hurt. When the game ended with the Mustangs ahead, 7-3, he and the players were deliciously happy. It

continued



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SCORECARD

was SMU's first season-opener victory since 1957.

Quarterback Mike Livingston and Tackle George Gaiser were so glad they jumped for joy. In jumping, Livingston swung his helmet into Gaiser's face. Knocked out a tooth.

WOMEN AND THE LAW

For years California and other enlightened states have forbidden professional wrestling by women. (We know of no state enlightened enough to forbid professional wrestling by men.) Now, with all this legal pressure to give women equal employment rights, it appears that this one decency is about to be expunged, and perhaps not just in California. Superior Judge Harold F. Collins has ordered the California State Athletic Commission to issue licenses to two women wrestlers, Betty Ann Spence and Barbara Baker. Women, the judge said, once were considered "frail and gentle beings," but no more.

Counsel for the two ladies had pointed out that the state constitution provides that "no person shall, on account of sex, be disqualified from entering upon or pursuing any lawful business, vocation or profession."

If we were the California attorney general, who may appeal, we would pounce on that word "lawful." Professional wrestling is either the honest mayhem it pretends to be or it is a fraud. Neither mayhem nor fraud is lawful, is it?

PITCHER DEFLATED

The umpire threw him out of the game and Mickey Sinks, Toronto pitcher, left the ball park in a rage. There, before him, was an automobile that he took to be Umpire Sam Carrigan's. Mickey let the air out of the tires.

The car belonged, in fact, to Tommy Richardson, league president, and Richardson fined Mickey \$50.

THEY SAID IT

- Masanori Murakami, San Francisco Giant relief pitcher, when questioned about buying souvenirs in the U.S.: "No good. Everything made in Japan"
- Tom Landry, Dallas Cowboy coach, on Center Dave Handers' wild snap that gave the New York Giants a safety: "He had a man right in front of him who was popping him on the nose with his forearm on every play. I believe it was bothering him."

END



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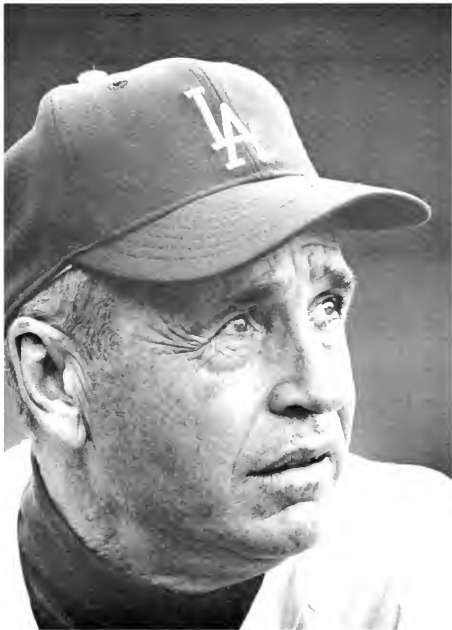


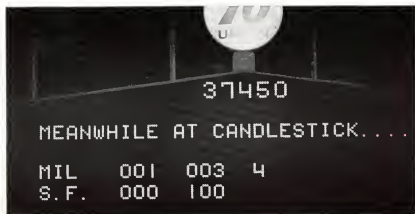
- 7.** You can't goof action shots because the shutter's so fast it freezes action that comparable cameras would catch as blurs.



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THE DESPERATE HOURS

The expression of the earnest gentleman at the left is not one of fear or worry. Call it anxiety, or concern. He is peering, not from a foxhole, but from a dug-out. He is a major-league manager, caught in the act of doing something major-league managers never, never do. He is playing them two at a time. Managing a pivotal game in Los Angeles, he is pecking at the score of a game in San Francisco, and finding it good. Walter Alston of the Los Angeles Dodgers, senior member of a perpetually insecure fraternity, has won with teams that had no right winning (1959) and has also lost with teams that should have been arrested for losing (1961-62). He knows the fraternity slogans: "It's enough to worry about my own club. . . I can't do anything about those other games anyway." But it was a time for pecking. All weekend the intelligence on the mammoth message board in Chavez Ravine was imposing, an electronic handwriting on a wall too big for even a crisis-conditioned Walter Alston to ignore.

Everybody was pecking Sunday, when at about 3 p.m. (P.D.T.) the National League pennant race attained an unprecedented peak of simultaneity. While Willie Mays was leading off second in Candlestick

Park, preparing to steal third in an attempt to avert a 3-2 defeat by Milwaukee, somebody named Chuck Harrison was hitting a home run in Houston to frustrate the Cincinnati Reds 4-2. At the same time in Los Angeles, Maury Wills came through with a single that promised to increase Don Drysdale's 1-0 lead over the Cardinals. Joe Torre in San Francisco and Curt Flood in Los Angeles hit ground balls at almost the identical moment, and there was one out in the top of the ninth in two cities. The Giants had "locked" the pennant by winning 14 straight, but now the Dodgers were two outs away from their ninth straight and a tie for the lead. It was illogical that Juan Marichal could be beaten three times in a row, but it was happening. It was unlikely that weary Don Drysdale could hold yet another 1-0 lead. But it happened, and in two cities they dusted off a prewar phrase coined by Red Barber in Brooklyn, "It's a flat-footed tie," said Vin Scully in Los Angeles. In San Francisco, Russ Hodges said it twice. It meant the Giants and Dodgers, after 155 games, had identical won-lost records. Scully dragged out another Barberism to sum up the situation. "Tomorrow night," he said, "is like opening day."

CONTINUED

THE RAMPAGING TWINS WANT THE SERIES, TOO

The brand-new American League champions play National League baseball—they hit often, they hit with power and they run, run, run. A Minnesota victory could signal a revival for their sagging circuit **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

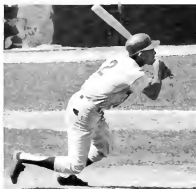
Early next Wednesday afternoon, when Americans by the millions go through that annual October rite of tuning in their television sets for the opening game of the World Series, something is going to seem a little strange. This year, for only the second time in the last 20 years, a Series is going to begin in an American League stadium that was not built by Babe Ruth. Instead of the Borough of The Bronx, N.Y., this 62nd Series opens in Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., equidistant from the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul,

American, that always seems to produce those last-gasp pennant scrambles that bring added prestige and interest, not to mention money.

Ten seasons ago American League attendance was nearly 1.3 million more than the National. This season the National League is going to outdraw the American by nearly 4.5 million and the reasons are obvious. The American League is going to have only three players batting over .300 in 1965 while the National League will have 10. The American League will probably have only two

American League outdraw the National.

The Minnesota Twins, however, might be just the type of team to end this out-of-phase cycle and restore some of the American League's lost prestige. The Twins have exciting young stars like Shortstop Zoilo Versalles (see cover), Tony Oliva, the best young hitter in baseball, and Jimmie Hall, the strong, swift center fielder who has both 20 homers and 20 infield hits this season. They have such impressive veterans as Harmon Killebrew, with his ability to hit tremendous home runs, Bob Allison,



Zoilo Versalles is a slashing hitter with surprising power to boot.



Batting champion Tony Oliva, a fine all-round player, is fast on bases.

and it is here that the Minnesota Twins are going to try to put a stop to the National League dominance of baseball.

This is a big Series for the American League, one it can ill afford to lose. Although any baseball man worth his weight in clichés will tell you that "superiority of leagues tends to run in cycles," the American League's cycle has been out to lunch far too long. The National League has won seven of the last 11 World Series, seven of the last eight All-Star games and almost two-thirds of the 308 interleague exhibition games played over the last two years. In addition, it is the National League, not the

hitters with more than 30 homers while the National already has ten. The American League will be lucky to have two 20-game winners; the National is already assured of six and could have as many as nine. In the two cities where there is a genuine competitive battle for customers between the two leagues, Los Angeles and New York, the Dodgers have run the Angels right out of town and down the Freeway to Anaheim by outdrawing them 4 to 1 this season, and the once-proud Yankees are going to finish nearly 600,000 paid customers behind the 10th place Mets. Only in Chicago, where the Cubs refuse to play night ball, does the

one of the better all-round players in the game, and Earl Battey. The bench is dependable and versatile, and their pitching staff includes Camilo Pascual, Jim (Mudcat) Grant and Jim Kaat. In short, what the Twins have is a rare blend of power, speed and pitching that is almost un-American; they are a National League-type ball club with a quality of daring that just might blow the 1965 World Series apart.

National League scouts who have been tracking the Twins have been impressed by this quality to such an extent that they admit, in some amazement, "They look an awful lot like a National

League team." Almost all of them have been surprised by the vitality of Minnesota's attack. Because the Twins have been traditionally a power-hitting ball club, the scouts at first assumed that Minnesota still relied on sheer muscle to generate runs, but American League opponents could have told them a much different story. The reason why the pennant now flies over Metropolitan Stadium is because the Twins have successfully undergone one of the most severe transformations in playing style of any team in modern times.

The Twins of 1964 were first in the majors in home runs with 221, yet finished tied for sixth place; the Twins of 1965 are eighth in the majors in home runs with 143—and are finishing first. They are first because they played assertive, daring baseball day after day,

they beat the Yankees 13 out of 18. They also beat their most persistent challengers, the White Sox, 11 out of 18, and they crushed the Washington Senators and the Boston Red Sox 32 of 36.

As the Twins gathered momentum, they established a style: a flair for the daring. They used the quick strike rather than deep-think or overkill. Instead of going into bewildering technical explanations when asked the reason for their success, they gave simple answers—even though their success was not accomplished that simply.

Jim Grant, who had been taught an added pitch by new pitching Coach Johnny Sam and went on to become the league's biggest winner, explained one evening why he worked so fast. "With the kind of stuff I've got," he said, "it isn't worth thinking about what you're

descriptions, it was actually the result of careful thought and a lot of hard work. Manager Sam Mele took the Twins into spring training camp at Orlando, Fla. last February with essentially the same personnel that had hit all those homers and gone nowhere in two previous seasons. During the winter he had sat at home in Quincy, Mass., and thought about what he could do to change 25 tortoises into 25 hares. Fresh in his mind was the World Series of 1964 in which the Yankees were beaten because the St. Louis Cardinals had run them into numerous mental and defensive blunders. There were no stirring speeches in the clubhouse at Orlando, but when the club went out to take its first batting practice the old order had changed.

On his last swing in the batting cage the batter was instructed to run to first



Even the Twins' big-muscle hitters play hard-driving, hit-and-run ball. Jimmie Hall (above) has 28 homers but has beaten out 28 infield hits.

series after series, all season long. They began in the spring by knocking off the top contenders with the use of speed on the bases. "What they did," according to Birdie Tebbetts of the Cleveland Indians, "was to take a run at everybody and just beat 'em back." What they did, too, was take a commanding lead in July and knock the fire out of the five-team American League pennant race that had developed among themselves, the Indians, the Chicago White Sox, the Baltimore Orioles and the Detroit Tigers. In this end-of-the-Yankee-era season, Minnesota did what most American League teams of the past did only in dreams—

doing. Just grab the ball and let it go." Jimmie Hall explained a dramatic homer against the White Sox with, "I don't truly know what kind of pitch the man threw me. I just swing the bat and hope for the best." And Versailles, who may be his league's most valuable player despite a .271 batting average, described how he was able to stretch singles to doubles and doubles to triples and even to score from first base on singles. "If you get to one base and you can see the ball on the ground in the outfield," he said, "run like hell to the next base."

But though the Twins could reduce their formula for success to simple de-

bate as quickly as he could and play there. When the next batter hit the ball the runner would take off for third as fast as he could go—regardless of where the ball was hit. During exhibition games the Twins used the hit-and-run again and again, although many of them were leery of the tactic at first, fearful that they might be criticized for being thrown out. Mele told his players that if anyone asked them what had gone wrong they should simply say that "Mele called the play." Minnesota began to steal and stretch base hits, and when the season opened they jumped into a strong position in the pennant race because they

continued

caught many teams unaware. "They hit and run," says Outfielder Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox. "They stole bases. They took the extra base. After a while you found them forcing you into fielding mistakes because you were rushing."

Despite the new emphasis on speed Minnesota's offense was not like that of the Chicago White Sox of 1959, when the light-hitting "Go-Go Sox" batted a one-run lead the way a hockey team sits on a one-goal advantage in the Stanley Cup playoffs. The Twins kept driving for more runs. They used the hit-and-run with their sluggers and pitchers, too, and were amazed and delighted at what the combination of new attack and old power could produce. Just when the other team began to worry too much about the steal, the squeeze, the sacrifice and the drag bait, the Twins would unload that old knockout punch—the home run.

Four weeks ago Minnesota gave a demonstration of how this attack could demolish an opponent. The White Sox had somehow scratched their way to within five games of the lead. In the first of a two-game series in Chicago the White Sox led a tense affair 2-1 into the seventh inning. Then, with a runner on base, Jimmie Hall hit a homer and the Twins won 3-2. The next day they ran all over Chicago with the hit-and-run and the steal and the daring try for the extra base, and they won again, 10-4. The Twins left Chicago and went to Boston where, in a three-game series in Fenway Park, a stadium built for the home run, they hit no home runs but took 12 extra bases in 13 attempts to stretch base hits, won three straight and virtually ended the season for their pursuers.

The key figure in the Twins' new style of play is Versalles and, if the American League is going to regain some of that lost prestige, Zoilo is the man who will have to trigger Minnesota's attack on whichever team represents the National League in the Series. Although he is only 5 feet 10 inches tall and 155 pounds, he packs remarkably power and actually leads the Twins in total bases. Not since Casey Stengel used Hank Bauer as the first man in his Yankee batting order has the American League had a leadoff hitter capable of producing as many homers as Versalles has (18), and Versalles is much faster than Bauer ever was. Zoilo leads the league in runs scored, is second in hits, first in doubles, second

in triples, third in stolen bases and far ahead of the pack in brooding. He is a sensitive young man who loves to sit by his hi-fi and sing operatic arias. When he first came to the major leagues from Fox Cities in 1959 at the age of 18, many thought he was too sure of himself and incapable of taking instruction. Ellis Crapley, a coach for the then Washington Senators, said, "I worked like a dog with the boy to teach him to play. He had all the tools but so many bad habits that it was like trying to get an alligator to play the piano." Today Versalles says that he was misunderstood. He says he was so unsure of himself that he made cocky statements to cover up his fear of being a failure. "I got to the ball park at 6 a.m.," he says now. "I looked at the Stadium and then went five miles away and sat in a park and listened to the birds wake up. Inside me I knew I was not going to make it."

At Charleston the next season Zoilo had tremendous difficulties with the English language. "One night there is a ball hit to me," he says, "and everybody yell 'throw him out,' meaning I should throw the ball home. I didn't know what was meant so I hold onto the ball. The word 'home' I only know then, not this 'throw him out.'" Cookie Lavagetto, who was managing the Senators when Versalles came back to the majors in 1960, maintains: "He was just a baby who had everything but maturity. When he would make an error he would want to run into the clubhouse and hide."

This spring Versalles had a run-in with Mele and was fined \$300. Billy Martin, the former Yankee second baseman, now a Minnesota coach, took Versalles in hand and began to teach him the little things that were to change him from a player with promise to a player fulfilling his promise. Mele convinced Versalles that he could lead Minnesota to a pennant and make \$8,000 extra for himself in Series money. Versalles listened.

"In other years," Zoilo said recently in the Twins clubhouse, "I like to play hard but it is not fun. This time it is fun because we all feel good and do good. Billy Martin helps to make me the complete ballplayer. I have lost a lot of weight this year, but I am happy even though tired. This thrill of playing in the World Series is so deep inside me that only I know what it is. How much pressure will be on me in the Series? The pressure will be on them."

HOW THE TWINS

THE GIANTS have Willie Mays, and Willie Mays has done everything in baseball except have a Willie Mays-type World Series. In his three previous appearances (1951, 1954, 1962) he hit only .182, .286 and .250, and if you know Mays you must figure that he is due for a good one. The Giants are the team that Manager Sam Mele would most like to play, because the Twins and Giants are constructed along almost the same lines—except for the vital ingredient of speed. Like Minnesota, the Giants have power, a patchwork but surprisingly effective pitching staff and, with the obvious exception of Mays, unspectacular fielding. Mays, Willie McCovey and Jim Ray Hart are the big hitters, and they will be doubly dangerous in Metropolitan Stadium. Juan Marichal is the big Giant pitcher and will start



JIM LEFEVRE IS A BODDER SURPRISE

THE REDS are a bewildering club to analyze. Of the three National League contenders they seem to have the best 25 men, yet they had the most trouble reaching for the pennant. The defense is excellent; they have fine speed; they are by far the best-hitting team in the major leagues; they have two 20-game winners in Jim Maloney (20-8) and Sammy Ellis (21-9), and who could ask for anything more? Yet it seems almost a characteristic of the Reds that every time they get close to greatness they back off. Still, if Cincinnati makes the Series, Vada Pinson (304), Frank Robinson (294), Pete Rose (312), Deron Johnson (.288), Leo Cardenas (.286), Gordie Coleman (.303), John Edwards (.271), Tommy Harper (.263) and Tony Perez (.256)—who have averaged 18 homers and 75 runs batted in a piece this sea-

SHOULD DO WITH THE NATIONAL LEAGUE



GIANTS' MURAKAMI IS A KEY BELIEVER

three times if the Series goes to seven games. Still, Marichal was erratic in the closing weeks of the season. The second starter, Bob Shaw, has become a five-inning pitcher, and so has Warren Spahn, who nonetheless can do brilliant work until he tires and who could prove upsetting to Minnesota's left-handed power hitters, particularly Hall and Mincher. The key to San Francisco's September rush was the bullpen, notably Frank Loney and left-hander Masanori Murakami, who would be the first Japanese ever to appear in a World Series. Eleven Giants have had previous World Series experience, whereas no Twin has ever been to bat in one—but this advantage might be more apparent than real. It is power that the Giants must rely on, plus the curiously comforting confines of Candlestick Park. The Giants have

played better baseball at home this season (47-27 through September 26) than any other team in the majors. Minnesota's outfielders, especially Tony Oliva in right, may have trouble with the tricky winds at Candlestick but, on the other hand, the Twins' hitters should enjoy the friendly fences there as much as the Giants' hitters will savor the ones in Minnesota. As for fielding, Mays is the only Giant who by virtue of both talent and experience is not likely to be disturbed by the Twins' go-go running game. Mays is counting on that all-out attack to keep the Giants off balance, and he feels that his pitching staff is just a little more dependable than the one Herman Franks has.

DEFINITE EDGE TO MINNESOTA

THE DODGERS' pitchers, given each day their daily run, win and win again in their vast Los Angeles ball park, because balls can be hit far there without doing much damage. Minnesota has certainly found that out. The Twins have scored only 20 runs in nine games played there this year against Angel pitching, and Angel pitching, while good, is not as good as Dodger pitching. The Dodgers will use their thin brick-hard infield for bunts, particularly against First Baseman Don Mincher and Third Baseman Harmon Killebrew, neither of whom is an adept fielder. Maury Wills is the key to this style of attack, but in Metropolitan Stadium the Dodgers should be able to generate long-ball power when Jim Lefebvre, Ron Fairly, Wes Parker and John Roseboro are batting left-handed. All four of them hit well

to right center field, and that power alley at "the Mel" is built for them just as much as it is for the Twins' Jimmie Hall, Tony Oliva and Don Miacher. The Dodgers' Lou Johnson, a right-handed hitter who likes to pull the ball, will enjoy the left power alley. Los Angeles is deep in left-handed pitching, and Minnesota's record against lefties is only 23-17 (though many of those lefties began to win after Killebrew was injured on Aug. 2). Sandy Koufax is the best pitcher in the world, and Minnesota never was able to beat Claude Osteen when Osteen was with Washington (record vs. Twins, 5-0). And, remember, Don Drysdale, whose record this season is 22-12, pitched the best game of the glittering four that the Dodgers threw against the Yankees in their Series sweep in 1963. The Twins will have to stack their lineup

with right-handers against Koufax and Osteen. Minnesota's pitching, on paper, does not appear to be as strong as Dodger pitching, but a long, tough pennant fight might find the Dodger staff tired by Series time. Grant, Kaat and Pascual are a tough threesome, and all hit and field their positions very well. Pascual, recovered from an arm operation, could give the Twins a big lift if he pitches back to his old effectiveness. The Twins have a strong bullpen, but so do the Dodgers. Ron Perranoski, who was ineffective during the early season, is back in form. Minnesota's bench is stronger than the Dodgers'. The Twins' hope is that the Dodger pitchers are indeed tired after the pennant race.

SLIGHT EDGE TO MINNESOTA

son—should be able to generate any type of attack, be it hit and run or slug for the fences. Beyond their inability to cope with their manifest destiny the thing that has hurt Cincinnati, despite Maloney and Ellis, is sour pitching. Only the Mets had a worse team earned run average in the National League. A dismal performance by Jim O'Toole (6.16 ERA) and not much better work by Joe Jay and John Tysander meant that old Joe Nuxhall (11-3) was the only effective starter beyond Maloney and Ellis that the Reds had—though complete games came few and far between for Joe, who was bothered by elbow trouble late in the season. Two superior starters are a great plus in World Series play, but when the managers turn to the bullpen Sam Mele has it all over Dick Sisker. Al Worthington, Johnny Klipp-



DRYSDALE IS REDS' BIG NO. 1

sten, Jim Merritt and Dave Boswell have proved far more dependable than Cincinnati's crowd, though the Reds' youthful left-handers Billy McCool and Teddy Davidson may surprise. Young McCool, if he goes back to pitching the way he did a season ago, could turn out to be the hero. Still, when free-swinging teams like the Twins and Reds meet, especially in hitters' parks like Crosley Field and Metropolitan Stadium, pitching sometimes goes out the window. One observer said of a Twins-Reds series, "It will take them 11 games to finish it." In such a Series it could come down to this: in the clutch good pitching tended to stop Cincinnati; in the clutch it did not stop Minnesota.

SLIGHT EDGE TO MINNESOTA

OH, THAT GRIESE KID STUFF!

Purdue's Bob Griese—running, passing, punting and tackling—was too slick for Notre Dame last week, as he led the Boilermakers to a last-minute win in a game that saw the lead change hands five times by DAN JENKINS

Purdue University is the Big Ten's contribution to ethnic jokes. It is a pile of engineering textbooks, asphalt, and dull-red buildings on the plain of West Lafayette, Ind., and through the years its football players have been referred to as Rail Splitters, Pumpkin Shuckers, Cedar Choppers, Blacksmiths, Hayseeds, Cornfield Sailors and—curtain, please—Boilermakers. For a moment, consider the term Boilermakers, a derivative name Purdue *liked* and adopted officially. Does a Boilermaker sound like the kind of a guy you would want your sister to date? Does he sound like *fun*? He's got to drive a beat-up '57 Buick, come from a family of 14 in Gary and spend most of his time breathing rivet dust. Yeah, yeah, he'll study for you and maybe he'll become an astronaut—big deal—but he couldn't do the jerk if he loaded up on Dexies, he couldn't find Chez Paul in Chicago with a compass and he'd stumble on a carpet. Naw, man. To have any class you've got to come from a cooled-out school like Michigan or Wisconsin or Northwestern. Purdue? Man, Purdue is like *low*. After all, how many Boilermakers do you know who can chew gum and walk at the same time?

Well, as of last Saturday, there was at least one. His name is Bob Griese and he may be a farm-type boy from Evansville, and he might have made the terrible social mistake of going to Purdue, but in playing No. 1-ranked Notre Dame he was outlined against the pale-blue September sky so dramatically that 61,921 people suffered hysterical seizures, and there was one in a group of frantic, shocked sportswriters who became so deadline-destitute that he labeled Griese the Lone Horseman "riding into the Valley of Death." Griese had that kind of day. He brought out the Apocalypse in you.

Passing, running, kicking and thinking, Griese whooshed out the candlelight that Grantland Rice promised (in the second and unremembered para-

graph of his famous Four Horseman story) would "always gleam through the Indiana sycamores" in South Bend. And it would have taken all of the literary fame of the Four Horsemen, Knute Rockne's intensity, Frank Leahy's shrewdness, The Gipper's devotion, Johnny Lujack's cunning and a whole Golden Dome full of Nick Eddys and Bill Wolskis to have kept Bob Griese (pronounced greasy) from upsetting the Irish 25-21. It is awfully difficult even now, after digesting all of the statistical goodies and recovering from the monotonous heroism of the afternoon, to remember a more brilliant performance by a quarterback against such superb collegiate opposition.

Unless you were present in Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium, you cannot really know what Griese did, for surely the radio broadcast was an excusable exercise in outrageous bubble. It takes a summing-up to capture the true pignity of the performance. For example, Griese did complete a noteworthy 19 of 22 passes for 283 yards and three touchdowns and set up the fourth (and winning) score with his passes. But he also ran nine times for an average of five yards per carry, exclusive of a couple of losses on passing tries. These were clutch-keepers—sharp, darting runs necessary to sustain drives. Griese punted three times—high, accurately and deliberately short—to the Notre Dame six-, seven- and 26-yard lines. He kicked off three times, always deep enough, and on one of the returns, in an unexpected moment of agonizing excitement, he made a touchdown-saving tackle on Wolski.

The Notre Dame halfback, who had sprinted 54 untouched yards for one touchdown, blazed through a cluster of black-shirted Purdue tacklers, burst clear after 40 yards and appeared gone. But Griese, scrambling up from a block, lunged and caught Wolski's ankle,

spilling him from a desperate angle.

Griese did all of these things in a game so full of thrills it would have wrecked an IBM computer. It was a game that produced 726 yards of combined total offense between old, old, disrespectful rivals that were rated after last week's opening games first and sixth in the national polls. It was a game that saw a total of 37 different running, passing and returning plays gain more than 10 yards each, often more. And this figure does not include two touchdown runs of short yardage that were more important than the 37 plays and a late, apparent game-winning Notre Dame field goal that bounced—bounced, mind you—over the crossbar, causing Coach Ara Parseghian to jump around like a man with a scorpion in his pants. It was a game



Running on a keeper, Griese breaks into Irish secondary on Purdue's first touchdown drive.

ART SHAW

in which the lead changed hands five times, with Notre Dame taking it first 3-0, Purdue going ahead 6-3. Notre Dame coming back 10-6, Purdue rallying 12-10 then building to 18-10, Notre Dame tying it up 18-18 then assuming the lead again 21-18 and with Purdue, just four minutes short of the end, coming back once more with a stunning drive to win.

Purdue plays this kind of game a lot, although it is not always as flamboyant in winning. Back in 1945, when Assistant Coach Bob DeMoss, who put in Griese's pass patterns, was the quarterback, he shot down an Ohio State team that was ranked No. 1. In 1950 it was a Purdue passer named Dale Samuels who broke Notre Dame's 39-game winning streak on a day South Bend Publisher Charlie Callahan likes to call "the day Notre Dame lost." And then in 1953 the Boiler-makers snapped No. 1 Michigan State's 28-game streak. And if no one else does, Terry Brennan will remember that Len Dawson and Purdue cost him a perfect season in 1954, his first year as Notre Dame coach.

But there are two big differences be-

tween those Purdue teams and this one. This one has Griese, and Griese has a splendid team with him. If Purdue can just avoid the upset itself (which it never has) the Boiler-makers will finally get to see for themselves whether the Rose Bowl looks like it does on the postcards. Purdue, in fact, probably is stronger than even Coach Jack Mollenkopf knows.

"It's true that we have more variety than we've ever had because Griese can do so many things well, and he's smart enough to call 95% of the plays," said Mollenkopf after the game. "And we began this season thinking about winning the Big Ten championship instead of beating Notre Dame. But we've got a lot of tough ones ahead [Iowa, Michigan, Michigan State] and we're sure not going to surprise anybody now."

Mollenkopf is being his usual cautious self. Purdue will go to the Rose Bowl if it plays up to its capabilities. The team is so talented that every break had to go against it to keep the Notre Dame game even. Were it not for the luxuries of a couple of defensive naps, the score against the Irish would have been something preposterous—say, 32-7. At least

four times, perhaps more, Purdue Halfback Gordon Teer, who twisted over for the winning touchdown, came within a half step of breaking for a big gain, and few teams have anyone capable of catching the 183-pound senior. He is a tough, smart runner with quick moves and the bounce-up spirit of a sophomore.

Two other times Griese's favorite passing target, Split End Bob Hadrick (8 for 113 yards), slipped down, a bit subtle, dazzling moves that thrust him into the open. Hadrick is 6 feet 2, weighs 195, catches anything near him and reminds you of a Raymond Berry who has speed. Three nights a week, all summer long, Griese and Hadrick played catch, while Purdue's engineers grew beards and read books. Consequently, the two know one another pretty well. But while Hadrick's moves confused Notre Dame's experienced secondary, led by a usually competent Nick Rasmus at safety, a Purdue sophomore named Jim Beirne popped up from tight end to make Pursegan's defense, talk of the college community last year, look downright foolish.

On Purdue's first touchdown, a 28-yard pass from Griese to Beirne, all three

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A TWO-DAY TORTURE ON WHEELS

The North American Bicycle Championship, a 190-mile grind over a monster course at high altitudes, tested the stamina and nerve of 16 hardy riders

by HAROLD PETERSON

Balls of fire," said Patrick Dennis, standing atop 12,095-foot Independence Pass and gazing down at the six sharpened-rock switchbacks he was supposed to cover on his thin-tired bicycle. "I know who sponsors the race over this pass. A mortuary."

The first annual North American Bicycle Championship was, in more literal fact, sponsored by a group of Colorado men dedicated to the proposition that America's youth—and not-so-youth—is soft, even the portion of it that trains 400 miles a week on 10-speed cycles. In their eagerness to find a course more demanding than the usual 41 times around Somerville, N.J., the sponsors created a monster that humbled the Tour de France in every respect but distance. Cycling devotees Bert Bidwell and Bernie (Big Wheel) Witkin, with the help of the Aspen Chamber of Commerce, laid out a 190-mile course that crossed the Continental Divide twice at the most fearsome altitudes in North America. Their Aspen-to-Glenwood Springs-to-Leadville-to-Aspen circuit traversed two high mountain passes and half of a third. Parts of the course were covered with assorted rock masquerading as gravel, and on one miserable stretch of Independence Pass riders could expect snow or sleet, even in mid-September.

The race was to take two days. On the first day the cyclists were to cover 131 miles, about two-thirds of the total distance. After a relatively easy 41-mile sprint northwest from Aspen to Glenwood Springs, the terminal point of the first stage of the race, the racers were to turn northeast and wriggle through the 2,500-foot-deep Glenwood Canyon, roller-coast 60 miles to Minturn, thrash up steep Battle Mountain and long Tennessee Pass, slope into the Arkansas Valley and, finally, gull into Leadville, altitude 10,152 feet, the highest incorporated city in North America.





The second day was to be shorter—only 59 miles—but harder. From Leadville the state highway department's best attempt at a road to Aspen over the savage Sawatch Range skirts four 14,000-foot peaks and dozens of 13,000-footers. Early gold miners in the Roaring Fork basin had to haul their wagons up the Sawatch with 20-mule teams and lower them down the precipices on ropes. One wagon, moored to a tree and abandoned in the snow, was found the next summer dangling 30 feet above ground.

The riders who assembled at Aspen to match these mountains were an appropriately tough lot, long used to such extracurricular hardships as ducking beer cans, bottles and rocks thrown from passing cars. Gentle-looking George Gamble, a onetime Teddy boy from Manchester, England, was not untypical. "I never used to leave the house without having razor blades sewed under my lapels and a chain over my shoulder," he said. "Self-defense, you know." Among them, the riders had shrugged off two fractured skulls, several concussions, dozens of broken bones and the removal of cubic yards of dermis, not all of it epi.

"Loss of skin is the most common complaint among racers," said Steve Hammond, co-favorite from the Berkeley Wheelmen. "Notice how our legs are shaved. If your legs aren't shaved they have to give you novocain to remove the bandages."

The cyclists reported to Paepcke Park in Aspen early on a Saturday morning for the start of the race. There were only 16 of them, thanks to a bit of mismanagement by the Amateur Bicycle League. Scheduled for late July and expected to draw a field of 70-odd, the race had been postponed at the last minute until mid-September. Since many of the July entrants had been students, the September list was drastically reduced.

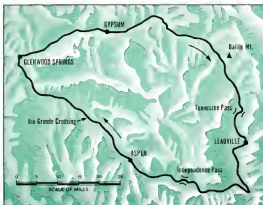
Getting ready for the start of the race, the 16 men clipped feeder bottles into cages on the fronts of their bikes and stuffed edibles into their jerseys. Chiquita bananas, raw meat, white grapes and dextrose tablets disappeared into pockets. The race promised to be grueling, but the mood of the cyclists was light. "Peaches are no good," said Tom Meyer of Westfield, N.J. "You get all sticky, and by the end of the day your bike is Hawaiian Punch."

"Nice thing about water," said Meyer. "You can wash yourself off with it. Try that with orange juice."

"Or soda pop," put in Stu Pray of Cincinnati, who finished fourth in the nationals this year. "I was riding along once, hot and sweaty, and saw somebody with what I thought was a pitcher of water. 'Throw it,' I yelled. They did. Oooh!"

continued

SKY-HIGH AND ALL ALONE, JOHN MARSHALL HEADS FOR ASPEN



MONSTER COURSE began at Aspen and ran northwest to Glenwood Springs, the first station, then circled to the southeast and Leadville. The final day to Aspen was short but brutal.

"Same thing happened to me," Meyer said, "only it was chicken soup."

Most of the riders had decided to use orthodox equipment and strategy during the race, including the standard practice of staying with the pack until the sprints for bonus time at the end of each of the three stages. Almost all the cyclists planned on extreme conservatism during the treacherous gravel descent from Independence Pass. There were, privately, exceptions. For example, Jim Crist, a Denver teacher and ski patrolman, was ready to exchange his sleek racer for an old Schwinn clunker at the top of the pass, trusting to a combination of weight and tire thickness for speed and safety.

At 10 o'clock the little band of cyclists lined up, and with a shout took off through the center of town. The cheer that went up from those who watched may not have equaled the turn-of-the-century days when the likes of Major Taylor raced at Aspen, nor were the spectators able to follow the race by riding the old Colorado Midland Railroad, which is now defunct, but the speed of the racers was greater than ever, so great that the old railroad could not have kept up.

By the time the field had rolled over the high Castle and Maroon Creek bridges,

it was moving at 45 miles per hour. The riders were already trading places at the front of the pack to share, by cycling's customary unspoken agreement, the burden of breaking the wind. At Shale Bluffs, Meyer, Robert Schwaighofer and 60-year-old Lawrence Gordon, oldest man in the race, were already well behind the pack. Schwaighofer, from Verdun, France, began using a black Volkswagen as a windscreen. "Quit pacing that VW," roared Bert Bidwell, careening by in his referee's jeep.

Through Woody Creek the riders flashed (10 miles in 22 minutes), spinning around the curve at Phillip's Corners, bunched tightly together. As they went through Snowmass (14 miles in 32½ minutes) rain slickened the asphalt. The 13 cyclists approached a yellow-flagged Rio Grande railroad crossing, only eight left it unscathed. Dick Oldakowski, hitting a rail obliquely, went over backward. Gary Wilson, Wally Dziak, John Marshall and Gamble, unable to turn, piled into him.

By the time trainers' cars, following close behind, had supplied new wheels, tires, bikes and ice bags, the surviving pack of eight leaders was well down the straightaway to Catherine's Store. The others struggled behind. Still gaining time at Carbondale (29 miles in 62½ min-

utes), the leaders got their first crack at gravel. Colorado gravel tends toward large rocks and spattering red mud, and this ran true to form. The riders splashing across the first-stage finish line at Glenwood Springs were red, all red. Some of it was mud, some of it was blood, but all of it was over everything.

"Sheer torture is the only way to describe this race," said one red rider who sounded like Bob Weedin. "I felt like an egg in a sonic scrambling machine." That was the easy part of the race.

The first-place finisher at Glenwood Springs, Steve Hammond (41 miles in 1:23:52) had won a bonus minute to deduct from his time; Kalman Halasi Jr. had won 45 seconds, Jim Crist 30, Stu Pray 20 and Bill Scott 10, the rest had new stories to tell. "I stripped a freewheel and lost a pedal," Meyer was saying just as Dick Oldakowski spurred across the line, felt off his bicycle and lay clutching a cramp acquired in the crossing crash. Presently Oldakowski picked himself up, limped to an automatic car wash, cleaned off himself and his bike and, giving up, caught a ride back to Aspen. Gary Wilson, who had also been in the crash, was ordered out of the race by a doctor. He refused to quit.

The remaining racers left Glenwood Springs behind police escort after a 15-minute rest period, old Lawrence Gordon temporarily catching the field just as it left. Leadville was 90 miles away. Through narrow, twisting Glenwood Canyon, past Grizzly, Shoshone and the trail to Hanging Lake, the field of 14 stayed intact, but between the end of the canyon and Gypsum, Schwaighofer and Gamble quit. Herman Kron dropped back but pedaled on. ("Looks like you folks been in muddy country," said the attendants at the Conoco station in Gypsum.)

Across gentler terrain to Eagle, the pack of 11 hissed along in high gears, swinging into single file to meet a head wind, stringing diagonally across the road for crosswinds. At Eagle, 31 miles and 87 minutes out of Glenwood, the cyclists were pulled over by a trooper for riding more than two abreast. When he sent them on their way, Steve Hammond discovered his knee had stiffened—an old injury recurring. He continued, pedaling with one leg. Three miles farther Bill Scott fell out, but it was not until the group neared Wolcott that Hammond,

continued

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still leading and still pedaling with only one leg, gave up.

With 52 miles to go before reaching Leadville, Kal Halasi was the leader, Jim Crist was 16 seconds back and Pray 31. The approach to the Continental Divide begins beyond Wolcott, however, and Halasi, a big man as bicycle racers go, soon dropped back. Crist now had the elapsed-time lead, with Pray second and Weedlin moving into third. But Weedlin is also a big man, and when the old six-day cyclist, Caesar Moretti, waved the field around Vail junction he had already dropped back.

The racers were stopped again at Manturn. This time they were delaying no traffic but their own training cars, a fine point overlooked by the state trooper. Happily, the field was still able to get a running start up Battle Mountain, an aid all but Pray and John Marshall badly needed. Everyone else fell back immediately, and even Crist soon trailed.

After the hard five-mile climb to the top of Battle Mountain, Pray and Marshall, on the other hand, had enough left to sprint. The two screamed down the far side and over the vaulting arch bridge near cliff-hanging Gilman at 60 mph to gain momentum for the 10.424-foot Tennessee Pass. As the two leaders topped the pass 15 miles later, however, Pray's usual knock-kneed gait was made more pronounced by cramps. By pushing a lower gear on hills, Pray nevertheless stayed with Marshall and even saved strength for the sprint into Leadville.

It was an exciting end to the first day's racing. Marshall, straining at last, beat Pray into town by only nine-tenths of a second. Crist came in less than four minutes later, and only 1.5 seconds separated Dziak, who had to be walked by friends, and Patrick Dennis, practically praying as he crossed the line.

The old town put out a real Leadville welcome: the citizenry gathered, listening to the race on car radios, police guarded intersections, listening to transistor models; squad cars, lights flashing and sirens wailing, escorted each rider to the finish.

The party at the Hotel Vendome was also authentic Leadville. The mayor, George Harris, tended bar, and the second-stage winner, John Marshall, got a gold watch. Unbelievably, his name was engraved on it 10 minutes after he hit Harrison Avenue. But in spite of his

second-stage sprint, Marshall was still trailing Pray in the overall time.

"I'll have to go down that hill fast tomorrow," he said. "The worst I can do is fall 3.00 feet."

A report circulated around the party that Gary Wilson had ridden the last 115 miles with a broken arm. A cheer went up as old Lawrence Gordon came in, smiling, having finished an hour and a half after the leaders. Dinner was remarkably festive, considering that half the diners had pedaled 131 miles uphill. "Gee," said Jim Crist as he began to eat his second full dinner. "I'm beginning to feel human again."

Next morning there was sleet with breakfast, but by the time the field of 10 was wheeling down California Gulch, 14,431-foot Mt. Elbert had stopped looking like a Christmas card. Aspen was 59 miles away. Near the little red schoolhouse at Backtown, Bob Weedlin began testing the field, jumping at curves and hill crests in tentative attempts to get out of sight. Passing over the Arkansas Valley, the field whorled along at 40 miles per to the junction of U.S. 24 and Colorado 82 (15 miles in 30 minutes). INDEPENDENCE PASS OPEN, the sign read.

It had been all party till now, but beyond a PAN GOLD 1 MILE sign the slow grind began. Past ultramarine and slate-gray Twin Lakes the cyclists climbed. Past a turn where the Divide could be seen walling in the valley and where wind that blows is cold, even in summer. Past Perry Mountain, where a 1962 avalanche swept away three houses and six lives so silently that neighbors 50 yards away did not discover it until morning. It was a reminder that these mountains, behind the spreading litter of trailer courts, billboards and shoddy houses, are still unforgiving and vengeful.

Halasi and Dziak, slipping half a mile behind at Black Cloud Creek, shifted to the left to use a windbreak provided by tall pines. Mcyer was next to feel the 10,300-foot altitude, and he, too, fell back. It was a pack of only seven that swung around Star Mountain and saw the road switchbacking straight up as far as anyone could see.

Oxygen tanks and new wheels at roadside marked the beginning of gravel, but only Dennis stopped to change. Pray and Marshall were away immediately, then came Crist 100 feet behind, Weedlin and Wilson; and Kron. Rounding the second

continued



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TORTURE ON WHEELS continued

switchback, Marshall had moved 150 yards in front. At the third, amid evidence of recent snow, he was charging ahead as if on a motorcycle, and Pray could no longer see him. "If he beats Pray to the top by one minute he'll win," Bidwell yelled at Coronary Corner. Marshall sped by the summit two minutes ahead and two to 12 minutes sooner than the fastest estimates.

Pulling his brakes close to the rim with a special switch, Marshall dropped down washed-out hairpin turns at 30 to 35 miles an hour, rattling over rocks and veering to the outside edge. Suddenly Marshall's front tire blew out at the ghost town of Independence, and he was forced to limp along the rim. Bidwell, who was following, spun his jeep around and shredded rubber back up the pass, in search of a new wheel. But when he got back to Independence, Marshall was long gone. "With Pray within 200 yards, some guy in a VW bus gave Marshall a \$79.75 bike with about seven pounds of air in the tire," said Bob Brougham of the *Aspen Times* later. "He hopped on, stuck down his legs and couldn't reach the pedals. Funniest look on his face. There he was, trying to lower the seat with a wrench as he rode." It was still a fast trip down. Bidwell, freewheeling down the mountain with the ignition off in order to shout into a transceiver that the racers were arriving early, had to skid around the curves at Lost Man Creek and Devil's Punch Bowl and Difficult in order to beat Marshall into Aspen.

Marshall did, in fact, speak across

the finish before the whole crowd had gathered. Pray was only 48 seconds behind. Crist was third, and that was the final overall finish: Marshall, Pray and Crist, Marshall winning by 17 seconds out of nine hours, 35 minutes and 22 seconds in two days and 190 miles.

The other riders had harrowing tales to tell, most of all Bob Weedon. On and after Independence Pass, Weedon had broken a chain, lost a crane, lost his rear brake, flattened a tire, staved in a wheel, gotten a new wheel, suffered four more flats, walked down off the gravel with no help in sight, ridden on the flat tire, destroying another wheel. Altogether the riders had run through at least 34 tires, nine wheels, 12 chains, forks, headsets, sprockets, freewheels, cranks, brakes and pedals, one arm (Wilson's, sprained, not broken), three legs and innumerable feeder bottles. Most, however, surveyed the toll of 520 wheels and 5200 bicycles in terms of the months of conversation it would provide. With commonly shared enthusiasm they agreed that the race should become one of the biggest and that John Marshall would be mighty useful at the Mexico City Olympics. But there were exceptions. "Bicycle racing is exciting enough without adding actual hazards to life," said Crist, albeit rather cheerfully. Not everybody joined in admiration of the classically mangled equipment. "Whose wheel was that with the spokes hanging in little shattered pieces from the rim?" someone asked Patrick Dennis. "Lots of guys," Dennis replied, not too happily.

END



STRUCKEN AT ROADSIDE, Dick Oldakowski sprawls beside his bicycle after crossing the finish line at Glenwood Springs. Oldakowski, injured from an earlier fall, was forced to quit the race.

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A SINKBOX SHOOT

Of all the forms of concealment devised by wildfowlers, none is quite so effective—or nearly so uncomfortable—as the sinkbox. The gunner lies on his back in the bottom of a pine box anchored bow and stern in an open bay and weighted until it is barely afloat. Hinged canvas wings break down the waves and keep the box from sinking to the bottom. Surrounded by oversize decoys, the whole rig is so perfectly camouflaged that decoying Canada geese will sometimes try to land right in the shooter's lap before they realize something is amiss. Sinkbox shooting is illegal in the U. S., but it is still practiced in New Brunswick, Canada. There, from October to December, gunners crammed into these floating torture chambers (or in sandbox blinds buried in the mud flats) experience some unusual waterfowling.

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM



In the day's first light guides bury a sandbox—a land-bound sinkbox—on the lip of a tidal cove.

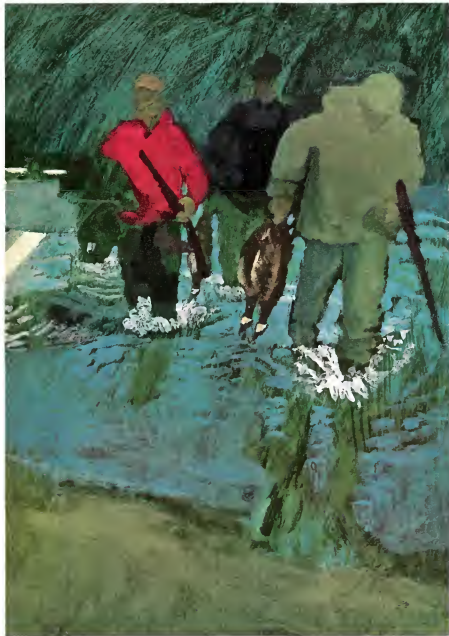




From the bottom of a sinkbox wash and nearly out of sight among outside decoys,



a gunner pops up suddenly to shoot at a flock of Canada geese landing nearby in the choppy bay.



Before the days of realistic bag limits on waterfowl in the U.S., market hunters and sportsmen gunning from sinkboxes anchored in bays and sounds from Maine to the Carolinas took such a devastating toll of ducks and geese that their blinds became known as "engines of destruction." Using stools of up to 500 decoys, plus tethered live ducks and geese to call in the wild birds, and corn or grain bait scattered around the blind, a steady shot with plenty of black-powder shells could kill several hundred birds in a day.

By the time the U.S. Government got around to banning sinkboxes in 1936, such blinds were rare. Market hunting had already been outlawed 20 years before, and bag limits had been so drastically reduced that no one wanted to lug several 50-pound cast-iron decoys (used to keep the wings of a sinkbox afloat) and a boatload of floating decoys out to a blind just to shoot a few birds. But some hunters, unable to forget the special thrill of close-range shooting they had experienced from a sinkbox, traveled to Tabusintac Bay in New Brunswick, where Jack Wishart, a former market hunter, operated a commercial shooting camp. Wishart built his first sink in 1915, and the same boxes, painted a dull blue-gray and carefully caulked with cotton every fall, are still in use—often by Americans—today.

The boxes are anchored in the bay several weeks before the goose season opens on October 1, so that the migrating Canadas will get used to them. "Geese and ducks have no fear of a sinkbox," says Myles Wishart, who has taken over the camp from his father. "Even when we pull out the decoys at one o'clock [shooting on Tabusintac Bay is permitted only from dawn until 1 p.m., in order to give the birds ample opportunity to rest and feed in the bay and to keep them around] the birds often bunch up around the sinkboxes. Yet, oddly, they won't land within 100 yards of a dory that has been anchored in the bay and untended for a week."

In order to be in his blind when the Canadas begin flying at dawn, the gunner who stays at Wishart's comfortable 200-year-old house overlooking the bay must finish breakfast by 5 a.m., which leaves him 30 minutes to struggle into insulated underwear, wool pants and shirt, sweater, heavy shooting coat, foul-weather suit and hip boots. Having stuffed his pockets with shells, sandwiches and hand warmers, and loading himself down with a shotgun, a thermos of strong black tea or bouillon and, if he has ever been in a sinkbox before, a cushion and a coffee can for periodically baffling out his blind, he waddles out into the chilly pre-dawn darkness and down to the dock. There a 28-foot skiff, powered with a coughing one-cylinder engine, will take him across the bay to his floating coffin.

A French-Canadian guide pulls out the blind, lines it with hay smelling faintly of horses and cattle and sets out 100 or more decoys. When the gunner is uncomfortably ensconced



—there is no other way—the guide moves off, anchoring his skiff several hundred yards downwind, where he will call in the geese. Already shivering with cold and soaked with salt spray that stiffens his rubber suit and boots until they crackle, the gunner stares out over the stern of the blind at the bobbing decoys and watches the horizon for geese.

Crouched in the bottom of his skiff, the guide begins to call to a flock of Canadas half a mile away. A small family of geese breaks away from the flock and swings in over the blind, long necks craned and heads tipped down to look over the decoys. Inching farther down in the cramped box, the gunner waits until the geese make a wide circle, turn back up into the wind again and glide slowly down toward the decoys, webbed feet outstretched and wings set. When they loom like great, ponderous balloons off the stern, the gunner sits up to shoot.

On days when the bay is too choppy for the sinkbox, or when the geese are resting and feeding in a particular cove, Wishart puts his shooters in sandbox blinds. Dug in near the water's edge, camouflaged with mud and kelp and surrounded with decoys, the sandbox is just as effective as the sinkbox and requires a lot less bailing. On bluebird days, when the geese are not flying, there is excellent puddle-duck shooting on the ponds and the rivers. Wishart leases 1,000 acres of upland woodcock and partridge cover where the shooting is often spectacular. Last October two gunners with a German shorthair put up 60 woodcock in an afternoon. There are Atlantic salmon in the Tabusintac River, and they will take tiny dry flies in October. But it is goose shooting from sinkboxes that brings hunters to Tabusintac Bay. The limit is five geese a day and six ducks, a far more liberal bag limit than can be taken on U.S. waters.

The man who wedges himself into a sinkbox has to endure a considerable measure of misery. But there are rewards—the howling of the wind overhead, the smell of mud flats at low tide, the antics of mergansers fishing around the blind and the thrilling sight of honking Canadas settling slowly and majestically into the decoys.

—DUNCAN BARNES

Geese in hand, the gunners abandon their coffin-like quarters for a warm fire and medicinal spirits.



LOVELY LADY WITH A VERY FISHY REPUTATION

by COLES PHINIZY

For 17 years Dr. Eugenie Clark has wandered from sea to sea, studying the extraordinary sex life of little fishes and trying to teach new tricks to dumb old sharks whose mouths are far bigger than their brains

The sea is a vast but a very regular place, rhythmically bound to the comings and goings of the sun and moon. Many strange creatures in the sea have an extraordinary time sense and are most regular in their habits. Considering this, it is unusual that the eminent ichthyologist and diver, Dr. Eugenie Clark, a professed lover of the sea and an authority on marine life, seems to have no sense of time at all. In the process of leading a successful double life as an ordinary housewife and as director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory in Sarasota, Fla., Dr. Eugenie often tries to be two places at once and rarely gets anywhere on time. Many of the simplest creatures of her acquaintance have built-in clocks, but Eugenie Clark, a complex, thinking woman, has none. Her stomach is not dependable; she has skipped so many meals to catch up in her work, it no longer complains. She often consults the petite lady-diver's watch on her wrist, only to discover that it is later than she thinks.

EDWARD HEIK

SHARK EXPERT Dr. Eugenie Clark is framed by jaws of some of the 700 sharks she has studied at Cape Haze laboratory.

Although the hours of her day and the days of her calendar steal away like deserters, Dr. Clark somehow manages to keep her two lives moving on. As a mother she is concerned daily with the upbringing of four children and the complicated distribution of them to various schools, to the doctor and dentist, to music lessons and to fun and games. As director of the Cape Haze lab, from day to day she is involved in the collection, care, feeding, training, dissection and observation of a variety of creatures, some commonplace and others downright queer. If a parasitologist working at the Cape Haze lab suddenly needs specimens of the green leech *Pontobdella macrophela*, it is Dr. Eugene's duty as lab director to find fish that harbor the proper leech. When a pathologist needs the 100-pound liver of a live tiger shark, she must provide the shark. If visiting animal behaviorists from Europe want to observe bass in a sexually active state, she must catch the bass and deliver them before the love-light has faded from their eyes.

Dr. Eugenie sometimes finishes work with only a few strands of her dark hair askew. At other times she ends up smelling like a tubful of fish guts, but even

on the grisly days, when evening comes, she washes the blood and Formalin away, tucks her fishiest thoughts well back in her mind and becomes the mother of four and the attractive companion of Dr. Ilias Konstantinu, an orthopedic surgeon who loves motorcars and mountains and is most tolerant of his wife's affection for the odd kingdom of the sea.

In the course of any successful double life, naturally, certain compromises are necessary. As a wife and mother Dr. Eugenie is no longer as footloose and flipper-free as she was 17 years ago when she first put to sea with two academic degrees and a nagging curiosity. Recently she has lunched with Lady Bird Johnson in Washington and with the First Lord of the Undersea, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau of France, but it has been a long time since she has dined on dugong at Ghardaiah with Prince Hassan of Jordan, or visited King Ugo on the far Pacific island of Mog Mog, or chewed betel nut with Urdki, sister of Siakong, the mighty Palauan spearfisherman. In recent times she has trained sharks in Sarasota waters and searched for pipefish in the Red Sea, but it has been a good dozen years since she chased

sand crabs with the governor of the northern Marianas and, with her present duties, there is little chance she will ever go again to hunt the poisonous fish called *meat*, or its elusive cousin, the *klesbual*, at Geklai on the east coast of Babelthup.

In view of her exotic past Dr. Eugenie can be excused if she is not, in every trifling way, a conventional woman. On catching sight of the sea for the first time in a new place Dr. Eugenie may wade right into it exuberantly but unscientifically without shedding her street clothes. She has been known to do this and think nothing of it. In the past 17 years she has worked, not only in the conventional halls of science, but also among distant people who have few clothes or inhibitions to shed. She has dived in the waters off the island of

like pompano *en papillote*, remember, at this point she is a gourmet's gourmet. On one island or another she has tasted a good deal that the sea has to offer and has earned the right to be discriminating.

Dr. Eugenie is a child of the world's delightful differences. She was born in New York City of a French-English father and a Japanese-Scottish mother. Although she was raised by her Orient-oriented mother and grandmother, she joined the Presbyterian Church because—she now suspects—the local elder was a fish-and-reptile fancier who gave her a snake as a baptismal present and Dittmars' *Book of Reptiles* on her confirmation day. In 1931 she was married in Egypt to Dr. Konstantinu, an Orthodox Greek who had studied in Austria and the U.S. Considering the many people

tant islands of yesterday. In the local Florida waters she has plenty of fish that are worth knowing better. Since 1955, in addition to her routine duties as lab director she has spent some time observing *Serranus tiliigarius*, a runty, popeyed, white-bellied bass that is common around Sarasota. Compared to her sorties among the clown-colored fish of the Indo-Pacific, Dr. Eugenie's pursuit of the ugly little local bass seems very drab—the most convenient spot to dive to observe and collect specimens is along a channel bank off a Sarasota dump, where the trash of the city mingles with the flotsam of the sea. While she is getting into her diving gear at the dump, a few fishermen, or cops in a prowl car, occasionally will stop to find out what she is up to. Sometimes a great blue heron stalks by, cocking an eye at her like a curious, uncomprehending drunk. Ignoring her limited audience, Dr. Eugenie gets the cumbersome diving tank properly hung on her 5-foot 3-inch frame as best she can. After clenching the waistband of the man-size pack around her hips, she lurches through the shallows until she has depth enough to settle in, then flippers out around the edge of a decaying iron bulkhead.

Since the visibility is rarely more than five feet and the tide often better than half a knot, Dr. Eugenie usually works at a depth of 17 feet along the channel edge, where jubilant fishermen have liberally seeded the bottom with beer cans and empty whiskey pints. Around almost every beer can, around every limestone outcropping and clump of yellow sponge her quarry, *Serranus tiliigarius*, frisks about, flashing its white belly one moment, then disappearing into labyrinth in the rock and sponge. By prodding with a pocket comb in one entrance of a labyrinth, Dr. Eugenie tries to persuade a panicky bass to dart out of another opening, over which she holds a specimen jar. The bass sometimes obliges, but often it escapes through a different hole and reenters still another, thus keeping the game alive. As Dr. Eugenie prods and the bass darts, the surrounding sea life seems stimulated. Spadefish suddenly wing in, swirl around her and as suddenly vanish. A school of grunts weaves by, stupidly watching until a blast of her exhaled air scatters them. Below her left leg a large stone crab, an armored coward, emerges part way from a hole, eyes the pale flesh of her thigh, makes a



EUGENIE AND ASSISTANT KAY VON SCHMIDT (LEFT) MEASURE A LARGE LIVE SHARK.

Ngulu, where the Micronesian natives earn their living making fertility statues. She has been to Fais, where women walk crouched over with their backs parallel to the ground in the presence of men, and she has speared fish with the Somorol islanders, who for no apparent reason greet Catholic priests by sniffing their hands. If Dr. Eugenie prefers broiled dugong or the raw adductor muscle of the giant clam to a conventional dish

and rituals she had been exposed to, it is no wonder that Dr. Eugenie, nervous bride, nearly botched her own Greek Orthodox wedding. Instead of merely kissing the ring when it was passed to her, she tried to swallow it like a communion wafer.

Although she has not wandered farther than the Red Sea of late, Dr. Eugenie has neither the inclination nor the time to look back nostalgically on the dis-

cursorily pass at it with one claw, then retreats, keeping his guard well up until he is safe again in his corner. Dr. Eugenie breaks off the hunt occasionally, cocks her head and glances upward, harking to the soft singing of motorboats overhead. She pauses now and again to examine some oddity, to bash open a sea urchin and eat a bit or sometimes simply to admire the soft decorator colors of the tunicate and algal growths that cover the underwater section of the rusty bulkhead.

Back at the lab after collecting about a dozen specimens of *Serranus subligarius*, Dr. Eugenie, or a trained assistant, will watch the bass for several tedious hours. Dr. Eugenie has discovered that the little local bass has a stranger love life than any exotic fish—stranger indeed than any of the higher vertebrates. Each *Serranus subligarius* is both a male and a female. It can, if necessary, fertilize its own eggs, not internally like some degenerate fish, but externally, as if it were two different fish at once. In addition, when mingling with others of its kind, each bass sometimes behaves as a female and in a matter of seconds may become a male—and vice versa. Early this summer, when three dozen ichthyologists from North America, Europe and Asia gathered at the Cape Haze laboratory to review the strange sex life of various fish the world over, the star of the show was the home-town kid, *Serranus subligarius*, born and raised on a local dump.

To be sure, if the sex life of *Serranus subligarius* had never been exposed by Dr. Eugenie the world would have kept turning—for that matter, if the human race had never risen off its knuckles somehow the world would have managed. At Cape Haze, as at any worthwhile lab, some energy is expended on pure research as well as in pursuit of answers to practical problems. It was the simple falling of an apple on his head that started Isaac Newton thinking and, similarly, the habits and mechanics of unimportant creatures often provoke modern man into having new ideas. It is only recently, for example, that high-flying men have learned how to determine true ground speed, a technique first uncovered by biologists while studying the compound eye of a stodgy little beetle that somehow acquired the knack but had gotten almost nowhere with it since the dawn of time.

On meeting Dr. Eugenie for the first time women are apt to exclaim, "Your work must be fascinating," or, "How young you look!" Since there is some truth in them, both these platitudes are worth examining. Recently reviewing the six "fascinating" weeks she spent studying pipefish and seahorses in the Red Sea in 1960, Dr. Eugenie reckoned that she was in the water she loves only four hours a day. She spent eight hours a day poring over books and papers (more than 100), dissecting, preserving and labeling important specimens and counting the body and tail rings, the spines and rays of the dorsal, pectoral, pelvic, anal and caudal fins of more than 1,000 fish. After making a thorough inventory of the soft working parts of a single fish that has been lying around for a day or so, most ladies who coo about the fascination would not want to see any fish again, sautéed, marinated or bottled in Formalin.

As for Dr. Eugenie's apparent youth, to be a trifle cruel but honest, at age 43 she seems to have her adipose tissue under control but there are a few gray hairs on her dark head. Her air of youth and her prolonged fascination with the sea are easy to explain. She has somehow acquired the persevering, probing mind of a doctor of science without losing the ordinary wonder of a child. On her first visit to the island of Guam as a strapping scientist studying poisonous fish for the Navy, she observed, "Every room with screen windows had a display of feeding lizards at night." Since lizards are not in their line, other ichthyologists would have left the matter there, but not Dr. Eugenie. She added grudgingly, "These charming geckos, with large catlike eyes, long tails and suction-padded toes—darting across the screen to capture insects on their sticky, elastic tongues—were as common as houseflies back home."

Because she was raised in the warrens of New York City, where beauty is hard to find, Dr. Eugenie is possibly now sensitized to it. In any case, she has seen the last green flash of a Melanesian sunset and finds equal beauty in the humble guts of fish. Although she sticks to the bone-dry facts in her technical papers, when communicating with ordinary people Dr. Eugenie tends to be lyrical. In her published memoirs, *Lady with a Spear*, addressing the general public on the subject of small lifefish she noted,

"A light squeeze of their abdomens and hundreds of translucent, sparkling, emerald eggs oozed out, like tiny beads of mint jelly." The real world of Dr. Eugenie has always been filled with characters as intriguing as any in Lewis Carroll's Wonderland. While studying fish on Saipan she was befriended by a Navy couple, Commander and Mrs. Fletcher Sheffield, who had a pet fruit bat. The Sheffield's but had a disturbing way of practicing carrier landings on the dinner table or emerging from the floral centerpiece and careening around, squeaking to get its bearings. This behavior set many of the Sheffield's guests on edge, but Dr. Eugenie was utterly charmed. "It had a wingspread of over two feet," she reported in her memoirs. "It was a dark, blackish brown, and when it hung fairly motionless (as it often did) on a lamp, side table, or back of a wooden-framed chair, it so blended with the furniture that visitors wouldn't notice it at first. But it was a curious bat. If you stood or sat near it, it would look you over carefully, wiggling its ears at every sound you made, and then quietly and carefully, it would stretch out a wing to feel you. If you offered no resistance, you would soon find the fellow hanging upside down from your shoulder and looking up into your face."

Dr. Eugenie is today a recognized authority on the plectognath fishes, a rather disparate order that includes the filefishes, the triggerfishes, the bizarre boxfishes, the common puffers and the giant ocean sunfishes. All told, the plectognaths are a bunch of oddballs, but there is not a bad actor in the lot, except possibly one triggerfish that has developed the cruel trick of first rendering its victim helpless by eating out its eyes. Many of Dr. Eugenie's papers, on the plectognaths, on the sexual behavior of various fishes and on the care and training of sharks, are heady stuff. The titles of some of her works are enough to stop an ordinary reader in his tracks. The work for her doctor's degree, which was supported in part by the Atomic Energy Commission, was published under the title *Mating Behavior Patterns in Two Sympatric Species of Xiphophorus Fishes: Their Inheritance and Significance in Sexual Isolation*. Ichthyologists have nicknamed this work "The Little Kinsey Report," but any reader tempted to wade into it on that frivolous count is hereby warned: the bottom drops away fast. Before he

continued

finishes the first page, anyone not steeped in ichthyological gabble is out well over his head.

In a curious way *Lady with a Spear*, Dr. Eugene's popular account of her early years, has done as much to further the science of ichthyology as any of her technical works. In 1953, the first year of publication, *Lady with a Spear* was read by Mrs. William Vanderbilt, who passed it on to her husband and to his brother Alfred. The Vanderbilts were so taken by it that they considered starting a marine lab in Cape Haze, Fla., and Dr. Eugene Clark, the original lady with a spear, was asked to become the director. After weighing the challenge and her own inadequacies, she took the job. It was not much of a lab at first: a single room, some shelves, two chairs, a table and cold running water. There were facilities to keep a number of fish comfortable, but Dr. Eugene and her assistant, a fisherman named Beryl Chadwick, had to drive half a mile to a washroom.

"Before I met Eugene," Beryl Chadwick remembers, "my idea of a biologist was somebody serious with gray hair and long degrees. When I first saw her I was so surprised you could have put that potted plant in my mouth. But she knew what she was doing, and she never knew when to quit—absolutely no sense of time or tide. When Eugene was expecting one of her children—I forget which one—she kept right on diving. She was as round as a puffer fish, and every time we went out I kept fearing she was going to drop that child right in the water." Harking back to the early days, Chadwick is never sure whether the fish or the scientists who came to study them were the more fascinating. There was, for example, an Englishman named Perks, interested in shark hormones but accustomed to working on little dogfish. On his first day of duty Perks reported dressed head to foot in white, immaculate enough for a match on the center court at Wimbledon. As Chadwick recalls, after one slice into the bloody carcass of a man-sized shark Perks looked as if he had been working on the disassembly line at an abattoir. Then there was the Penner family—a parasitologist from the University of Connecticut, his wife and six kids. The ultimate in togetherness, the Penners would line up like washerwomen at a riverbank, each with a separate pail of

water, each washing a different organ of a shark in search of parasites.

Although the Cape Haze lab has now moved from its original location on Cape Haze to a better site on a sandy marsh fronting the Gulf at Sarasota, a good bit of the research still involves sharks, for good reason. There are a large number and variety of sharks in the Gulf, and the lab has always had fishermen like Chadwick who can catch them—an accomplishment that is not so much derring-do as simple, old-fashioned know-how. At Cape Haze scientists can count on getting specimens, and there are an increasing number interested in studying the shark order, not only because it includes bad actors but more often because there always seems to be something new and promising to be found in the primitive shark physiology. At present at Cape Haze there is research under way on the very efficient low-pressure circulatory system of the shark and on new magic derived from its outside liver that may possibly serve in the fight against cancer and other diseases. On and off for a number of years Dr. Eugene has been training sharks, teaching them to go through mazes and to poke specific targets with their noses to earn their food. Her object is not to try to train sharks to entertain or serve man, as porpoises are now doing, but simply to find out the capabilities of an enemy of long standing. It is becoming more and more obvious to Dr. Eugene and to scientists the world over who are collaborating in the study of the shark that, although the shark may be neatly categorized by family, genus and species, even within a species there are differences in behavior. By reputation sharks are witless, nerveless, uncomplicated. If this is so, then why did one lemon shark, at first sight of a yellow panel presented to it by Dr. Eugene, suddenly rear up as if trying a backflip, then swim erratically around, refusing to eat until it died? Statistically the tiger shark is a nasty fellow. That being so, how do you account for the 10½-foot tiger that would waggle its way into the shallows of the Cape Haze pen and beach itself to take food like a puppy dog? By reputation the nurse shark is a bottom-hugging, live-and-let-live slug-gard. After one nurse shark had existed peacefully in the Cape Haze pen for some weeks, why, then, did it unexpectedly surface and bite off the end of

Beryl Chadwick's finger? It is obvious that sharks in their own slow way do adapt and can learn. If any bunch of them ever learns what an easy mark the fleshy legs of bathers, water skiers and snorkelers really are, well, look out, everybody.

Naturally, if you have an attractive lady biologist who dives into the sea in the course of her work and if some of her work involves very large sharks, as simple as two plus two you have good news copy. The flashier press has occasionally poked into Dr. Eugene's doings with headlines such as BATHING BEAUTY RISKS HER LIFE FOR SCIENCE, thus suggesting that Dr. Eugene is down there, spear in hand, slaying sharks left and right. To put the record straight, in her whole life in the sea she has speared only one shark. She was snorkeling in four feet of water off her Sarasota home, spied a four-foot nurse shark, coolly put a spear through one fin to pin it to the bottom, then seized it by the tail and hauled it off to the lab.

If Dr. Eugene is not—as Beryl Chadwick put it—serious and gray-haired with long degrees, possibly it is because, running late as usual, she simply has not found the time to age properly. About seven years ago, while raising funds for the laboratory, she stopped by the office of a Florida foundation that had a reputation for generosity. The foundation director, the southern-colonel type, listened attentively while she made an earnest pitch about the lab's work in training sharks to muzzle panels to earn their food. After hearing her out the director declared, "Well, girlie, that really isn't very much. You should see what they've taught porpoises to do over at Marineland." Dr. Eugene then spoke a bit about work on the barracuda, another beastie that usually sparks interest, but it was obvious that she and the director were operating on different frequencies (he thought a barracuda was something like an alligator). Though unimpressed by the lab's progress, the director was touched by Dr. Eugene's earnestness. As she rose to leave, he had an afterthought. "By the way, girlie," he asked, "have you been to college?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Eugene, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., "I have."

"Well, that's a pity," said the director, "because we do have funds specially to help bright young things like you who want an education."

END



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TO BE SEEN SEEING THE REDSKINS

The team is impressive socially, if not athletically, and Washington's elite turns out on Sundays by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

When you come down East Capitol Street from town early on a Sunday afternoon, passing through the eyeball gauntlet of kids on row-house porches, suddenly there is D.C. Stadium—gray marble and white steel and concrete in sweeping Bowditch curves, a thing that looks ready for flight, as if it is pausing briefly in a pasture before taking off again. Since this is Washington with its notorious climate, the stadium is likely to be hugged in smoldering wetness during September and October and later in the year pelted by snow that somehow feels colder and wetter than snow ought. The fog in the bottoms where the stadium rests is at times so thick that a game can be followed only by listening to the shouts and crashes from the murk. But the people come. They may come by limousine from Maryland or Virginia or Spring Valley, by taxi from the hotels, by foot or bus from the poorer sections, but they come. They come partly to see the Washington Redskins and partly to be seen seeing them, a providential situation because quite a bit about the Redskins is not worth looking at.

WASHINGTON VIPs viewing the Skins on opening day include Edward Bennett Williams (top), now president and a noted criminal lawyer, Chief Justice Earl Warren; Columnist Art Buchwald with *Washington Post* Deputy Managing Editor Benjamin Bradlee, and Justice Tom Clark.



The Redskins' opening game with the Cleveland Browns was sold out by the first week in August. The game was played on a day that had a jungle-rot feel, a day when paper matches faded onto shirt pockets and mascara ran like ink, and players occasionally could not find the strength to run at all. The receivers had difficulty holding a ball that was slick with perspiration, and the passers had little better fortune throwing it, and you knew it was going to be that sort of day when you woke up and saw the heat being mashed down by the heavy air of the Potomac River valley. And yet a crowd of 48,208 showed up to suffer with the Redskins. Many undoubtedly were beguiled by preseason publicity that billed this as the best Redskin team in years, which is true but is not saying a whole lot. But for every person who came as a believer there was another who came because the stadium is the place to be on Sunday afternoon when the Redskins are in town. The popularity of professional football granted, a Redskin home game is a social event.

The President stays away out of deference to those who believe vigorous activity on Sunday afternoon is fiddling with the devil. But Luci Baines Johnson was there for the opener, surrounded by men who looked like former Knox College tackles. Chief Justice Earl Warren sat in one of the owners' boxes. Justice "Whizzer" White, who has a lifetime pass, was there, and Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, and Justice Tom Clark, and Senators Symington and Magnuson—in fact, more Senators and Representatives than would ever admit having known Bobby Baker, who would have been there but had no tickets. Nobody could have enjoyed being exposed to that weather and watching a game that would have embarrassed the Canton Bulldogs. In the stands, where the pastel seats slanting up to the bowl rim give you the sensation of being inside a giant ceramic ashtray, it was a mass steam bath, with everyone overdressed for it. "Look at this," said Dr. Joseph Bailey, a prominent heart specialist, pointing to the red stain left on his shirt by a sweat-through tie. "My wife is going to think this is lipstick." The crowd booed Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen, and the Redskins lost 17-7. "I was lousy today,

but I've been booed worse than this," Jurgensen said. "I made a national hero out of King Hill when I was in Philadelphia." But the people were there, and they will be for six more Sunday afternoons this autumn whether the Redskins win or lose.

The fans of a pro football team are a mirror of the city. When you imagine a fan of the Rams you think of him driving up to the Coliseum in his convertible and sitting in the smog in polo shirt and dark glasses with a girl who either is or should be a go-go dancer. You see a Giants fan hustling off the subway with his toboggan cap and thermos. Or a fan of the Cowboys arriving at the Cotton Bowl looking very white-collar with his Junior League wife. Although a large portion of the crowd at D.C. Stadium reflects the rising Negro population of the District, the heart of it is white, upward of middle class and oriented in some way, of course, toward the government—politicians, lobbyists, generals, career men. "We could get a quorum of the House any time we ring a bell," says Redskin Official Dave Slattery. A Redskin ticket confers automatic status, the degree of status being dependent on what section the ticket is in. At a game last year eight Supreme Court Justices were in the same high-status section. The concept of achieving status by paying \$6 for a pro football ticket is no accident. "The old man made it social," says Washington Attorney Doc Law, referring to the team's founder, George Preston Marshall. "He wanted class people in the ball park."

One thing you do not do if you are really in there with the class people in Washington is come to the stadium without a necktie, unless the weather makes the wearing an excessive cruelty. "I've been debating with myself for a week about whether I can wear my gold sport shirt to the opener," said Slattery, the night before the Cleveland game. "I want to be sure the shirt looks all right with my Redskin jacket. I wouldn't want to dishonor this jacket in any way." Slattery stroked his palms along his Redskin blazer, which is the color of a squashed plum, and then looked down at a burgundy necktie that had a tiny Indian head on it. The Indian is from no particular tribe but seems fierce enough. "It

took me 10 days to decide on the exact color to order for these ties," Slattery said. "I can't make our players play like Redskins, but I can make them dress like Redskins."

As Slattery spoke, the voice of the Browns owner, Art Modell, sounded from a nearby ballroom at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel. "My good friends," Modell was saying, "this great game . . . means a lot . . ." Modell was making a speech at a party given in his honor by the Redskins and their new president, the criminal lawyer Edward Bennett Williams. Five musicians in blue coats with shiny black lapels waited for Modell to finish, and the crowd, which included a few generals and politicians, stood among rubber elephant ears, gilt mirrors and electric candles. The waiters had passed out platters of shrimp, cheese balls and egg rolls. Williams, himself, had been dancing what could have been a polka and shouting, "Hey, Art!"

"Williams is a very smart man," said Slattery, whose title is Assistant to the President. "He's probably got the old man beat all over the place when it comes to brains. When Mr. Marshall lacked a decision he kicked it from here to Dallas. But this league will never see another man with Mr. Marshall's vision. He was mainly responsible for legalizing the forward pass from anywhere behind the line, for moving the goalposts to the goal line, for getting the tackle-eligible play ruled out—he said that play was cheating, since the fans couldn't spot it—and for setting up the league in two divisions. He even voted against his own team by voting for the draft when the Redskins were strong. He was afraid of domination by one powerful team in New York, and he was for anything that would equalize the teams in the league. Here at home he insisted on giving the people a show. He used to walk around the office singing the tunes we were going to play at half time, testing them out."

If Marshall, now an invalid and president emeritus of the Redskins, had a particular preoccupation it was with the quality of his half-time shows—especially the Christmas show. It is a Redskin tradition to have Santa arrive each year in a different and highly secret fashion. One year, shortly after World War II,

continued



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THE REDSKINS continued

Santa visited the old Griffith Stadium by leaping out of a helicopter in a parachute. Unfortunately, Santa landed on the roof of a house near the stadium, and the neighborhood kids thought he was the real thing. The Chicken Club—an irreverent social organization with members in Washington and Dallas—tried to spoil the Christmas show in 1961 by salting the field with chicken feed and unloading a dozen crates of chickens in front of Santa's husky dog team. That attempt failed when a Chicken Clubber, mistaking the Redskins general manager of that time, Dick McCann, for an usher, said, "Here, boy, here's \$100 to keep your mouth shut about them chickens in the dugout." Slattery gets damp-eyed angry remembering that incident and one the following year when the Chicken Club did manage to get chickens onto the field during the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. But little else has gone wrong with Redskins entertainment. The club owns \$35,000 worth of band equipment, has 22 professional musicians working at union rates, employs two dozen dancing Redskinettes, brings in visiting bands, pays \$600 a week to singers and \$675 a week for arrangements and furnishes \$100 worth of hot dogs and soft drinks during weekly rehearsals. Those things were Marshall's doing and his concern. In 1960, when a blizzard delayed the Giants game for 45 minutes and the weight of the snow made it impossible to get the cover off the field, Marshall told the Giants' owner, Jack Mara, "I hope our tubas don't freeze."

The Redskins moved into the new D.C. Stadium in 1961 and began an upturn that was slow and uneven until last year when their 6-8 record was their best since 1956. The new stadium was one factor in the revival, since it holds nearly 20,000 more than Griffith Stadium did and provides extra money for scouting and signing, practices in which Washington is just now beginning to compete. To insure that the stadium would be filled and that he would not lose his class audience, Marshall insisted that the seats be 21 inches wide (rather than 18 inches) and have backrests—a double concession to ladies who, Marshall believed, have bad backs and also enjoy wearing fur coats. The wider seats took up space that could have held 5,000 more people.

The new stadium is in line with the
continued on page 61



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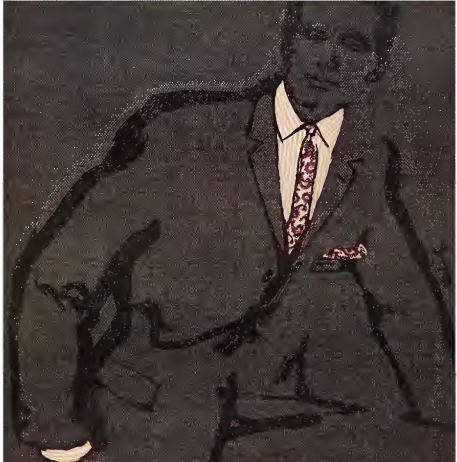
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THE REDSKINS *continued*

Capitol, the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial, so the National Commission of Fine Arts required that the lights be hidden below the curling rim so as not to disturb tourists. Marshall agreed to that easily enough, but it was his final concession that was his big one. Marshall had steadfastly resisted having Negro players on the Redskins (one columnist called the team the Palefaces), and Secretary Udall warned that the Redskins might be barred from the new stadium unless Marshall consented to accept Negroes. Finally, on Dec. 14, 1961, the Redskins announced a trade for Bobby Mitchell of the Browns, and the main step in the Skins' rejuvenation had been taken. The man who most influenced Marshall's decision was his old friend Edward Bennett Williams, who had just become a stockholder and had been named Man of the Year in Harlem for 1960. Williams was presented his award at the Hotel Theresa by Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem Congressman whom Williams had got acquitted on an income-tax-evasion charge. "Edward Bennett Williams is a greater man than Abraham Lincoln," Powell told his audience that night. "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves, but Edward Bennett Williams freed Adam Clayton Powell."

"I don't think Mr. Marshall was actually racially prejudiced," Williams said recently, sitting at the desk in his law office overlooking Farragut Square in Washington. "He had become obdurate because people kept pushing him on the question. It wasn't his Southern TV network either. He simply had a block on the subject, a suicidal block. Getting Mitchell was our turning point. We were still a one-handed team, but we were improving. In 1961 Bill McPeak inherited the worst personnel in the league. I don't try to tell Bill what to do. If I ever interfere with McPeak's personal decisions then either I'm the world's leading meddler or he is an inadequate coach, and one of us must go. I'll never do that."

Williams, a handsome, curly-haired man, has represented Frank Costello and Jimmy Hoffa, among others, and so could hardly be intimidated by operating the Redskins. Although he owns only 5% of the stock, Williams is very close to Jack Kent Cooke, who owns 25%; and has first option to buy any more that becomes available. "With his mind and his eloquence Ed Williams is

exactly the man the league needs in Washington," says Cleveland's Modell. "After all, there are no prizes left for him to win in the law." Since he took over last May, after the death of Leo De Orsey, Williams has installed a placement service in the Redskin office to find employment—off-season and postcareer—for the players. He is for expanding the scouting system, now supervised by Bucko Kilroy, and for eliminating delays during the final two minutes of each half. "The official is supposed to ask the captain if he wants a full timeout or merely wants to stop the clock, and I want the question asked," said Williams. "If it isn't, they can use up 15 minutes to play two."

In that, Williams is for the fan, as Marshall was. But the Redskins, who may frequently be behind in the last two minutes, might need the full time-outs to rest. They are the oldest club in the league. Their linebackers—chief of whom is Sam Huff—have 30 years of experience, and Tackle Fred Williams is in his 14th season. However, Defensive Backs Paul Krause and Lonnie Sanders have youth and ability. Halfback Charley Taylor was Rookie of the Year in 1964. Dick Shiner is a prospect as a second-year quarterback, and there are a couple of rookies who might help. The Redskins had a fine young quarterback in Norm Snead but could not wait for him to learn to get away from a blitz, so Snead was traded to Philadelphia for Jurgensen, who is capable of several tremendously effective games per season. But the Redskins have the type of team that can collapse quickly. Their long-view prospects are not solid. McPeak traded toward having a winner this year, and in anticipation Redskin fans—class people and end-zoners—bought more than 40,000 season tickets. Four games have already been sold out.

The result is that up in the owners' boxes—each of which has 23 seats priced at \$7.50 and sold only to owners and their friends—the view is a good one: an excellent stadium with every chair being sat on, and the Redskins in their black wigs with yellow feathers and braided pigtails and the bandleader perched atop a huge tom-tom while the musicians blast away at *Hail to The Redskins!* for the delight of gentlemen in neckties and ladies in mink. A Redskin game is a social event, and that is a lucky thing. **END**

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

It was a Saturday of spectacular individual performances. Purdue's Bob Griese twinkled his eye toward the Heisman Trophy, for which he may have to hand-wrestle USC's matchingly brilliant Mike Garrett. Princeton's Charlie Gogolak kicked six field goals, Nebraska's Frank Solich ran like the prairie wind, Texas Western's Billy Stevens threw another show of touchdown passes and twin East-erners (below), captains both, met in bloody combat

In 1869 there was a good road between Princeton and New Brunswick, just 20 miles to the north, and perhaps that explains it. In any case, one afternoon 25 Princeton students ran onto a field with a similar number of undergraduates from Rutgers, and then they all appeared to go berserk. What occurred that day had some of the elements of rugby, bearbaiting and Indian massacre—all over the possession of an improperly shaped ball. Improbable as it seemed, fall Saturday afternoons in the U.S. were done for. So was the era of good feeling between the schools.

To prove that nothing has really changed much, the referee last Saturday solemnly introduced George Peter Sav-

idge, Rutgers' 205-pound center and captain, to George Paul Savidge, Princeton's 220-pound defensive right tackle and captain. Within minutes of the ceremony these fraternal twins were using their considerable talents to break each other in half. As usual, the brothers' battle ended in a rather bloody stand-off, but Princeton's George Paul had the help of Charles Gogolak, a 155-pound place kicker who swipes at the ball sideways. The little monster kicked six field goals, including one that was recorded as 52 yards but carried nearly 70. George Peter had to swallow Rutgers' fourth straight loss, 32-6.

Ask anyone on either campus, and he will tell you he would not trade his

Savidge for the other, even if the other side threw in a platoon of 200-pound sprinters. Rutgers followers, for instance, are quick to point out that last year the fullback diving straight over center averaged more than five yards a crack, an amazing statistic when you consider it means running smack-bang into the most populated area on the field. Princeton people simply remind you that their Savidge led his team to an Ivy League title. "Paul and Stas Maliszewski [the other Princeton tackle] are the best linemen in the East," Princeton Coach Dick Coleman says flatly. "Pete is as good as Alex Kroll [the Rutgers All-America center of four years ago]" says Rutgers Coach John Bateman. The fact is both Savidges have size, exceptional agility and a nice, wholesome killer instinct, and because of them New Jersey can boast of two of the better teams on the Eastern seaboard.

This week's high drama had its origin in May of 1943. Mrs. George Savidge, feeling the first pangs of labor, gently led Mr. Savidge to the car, climbed in behind the wheel and drove the 15 miles to the Mercer (N.J.) Hospital where she gave birth to an 8 1/4-pound rascal with bright-orange hair. Ten minutes later the runt of the litter appeared weighing 2 1/4 pounds less and sporting bluish wisp. It was shortly thereafter that Mrs. Savidge had to face up to an old promise made to Mr. Savidge's father when he urged that the name George be carried into the next generation. In a moment of madness his daughter-in-law promised that not only would there be a George in the family, all the boys would be named George. First there was George David, who later became an All-American lacrosse player at Amherst. Then the twins, George Paul and George Peter, arrived. Four years later, George Mark, now a freshman quarterback at Amherst, joined the ranks. Presumably the elder Mr. Savidge is satisfied.

It was evident from the start that neither of the Savidges was going to become a Little Lord Fauntleroy. While Mrs. Savidge, herself a schoolteacher, made sure that the boys did not ignore their homework, George Savidge Sr., who manages a 430-acre tract of prime farmland, exposed his boys to the type of labor guaranteed to turn sturdy little boys into sturdy young men. Paul was just grade-school age when he was finally able to hurl a 60-pound bale of hay atop the



Rutgers' Pete Savidge is introduced to Princeton's Paul Savidge at game's start.

wagon—seven stacks high. Peter, who stayed proportionally $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds lighter and 10 minutes younger (and who has never been allowed to forget either fact by his brother), picked up the knack a little later but actually took to farm chores far more readily than Paul. (Mrs. Savidge recalls that the older boy usually was well camouflaged in a tree when the lawn needed mowing.) Rutgers was methodical, Princeton Paul was spontaneous. What struck Paul as a particularly dashing cut of clothing had no interest for Pete. Paul nearly swamped the farm with wildlife: a couple of raccoons called Yogi and Herman, a succession of fawns who raced the twins downhill on their sleds and a crow named Percy who talks. Percy is still around. "You guys go away," is what he says.

At the Hun School—an expensive prep school where both boys had scholarships

—the twins were co-captains of the football team. Both were far too strong for the rest of the players to handle in one-on-one drills, so they had to go at each other. "I never got out of it with less than a bloody nose," says Pete. Paul bled less but remembers the bruises.

The varsity confrontation of Paul and Pete first occurred last year, with Paul on defense, Pete on offense. Princeton won that game 10-7, but Rutgers fans are quick to point out that Pete gave Paul more than he got.

Two weekends ago the twins came home for what was expected to be a jolly reunion. Instead, it was a strangely quiet, even solemn occasion, which came as a shock to both mother and father. "Usually there is a great deal of carrying on," said a puzzled Mrs. Savidge. There is a family tradition, for instance, that, on excusing himself from the din-

ner table, one twin will slap a wrestling hold on his father. As soon as Mr. Savidge—who looks as if he belongs in somebody's defensive line himself, breaks the hold, the other boy will quietly excuse himself and tie his father up all over again. This time Pete left quietly and undemonstratively. "I guess it would be a good thing if Rutgers could win one," said Mr. Savidge. "I think that's a rotten idea," said Mrs. Savidge. "Well, I hope it ends in a tie," said Mrs. Savidge. "I don't like that idea either," said Paul. He went off to attend Percy Crow who said, "You guys go away."

Saturday, George Paul and the big Princeton line swarmed all over Rutgers' ballcarriers, and Paul gave Pete more than he got. But, said George Savidge Sr., "Don't worry about Pete. He knows how to lose."

—Tom C. Brady

THE EAST 1. PITT (1-1) 2. NOTION COLLEGE (2-0) 3. SYRACUSE (1-1)

One more day like last Saturday and the East may have to look to the lives, with their Savages and Gogolaks, for its leaders. Penn State and Syracuse, who were supposed to be the best, both went down ingloriously. Pitt and Army managed to survive, but not without a struggle against unproved teams.

Just as Penn State Coach Rip Engle feared, MICHIGAN STATE was simply too big, too fast and, let's face it, too good for his Nittany Lions. The Spartan ends, 268-pound Bubba Smith and Bob Vinny, and agile linebackers Ron Goovert and George Webster led a withering blitz that had Penn State Quarterback Jack White running for his life. MSU Quarterback Steve Judy, meanwhile, spread the Lions with his little passes (10 for 13), Hawaiian Fullback Bob Apia, a bull of a sophomore, broke a double tackle and boomed 35 yards for a touchdown, barefoot Kickback Dick Kenney, another Hawaiian, booted three field goals (24, 29 and 36 yards), and the Spartans won 23-0.

Syracuse bumbled and fumbled away its reputation against Miami. Unable to move consistently on the ground, the Orange foolishly let itself get caught up in a passing contest and came off a bad second. Quarterback Bob Bielekoff threw for two scores, and Miami took the game 24-0.

Pitt, fortunately, had the passing to hold off Oklahoma 13-9. Quarterback Kenny Lucas got the Panthers ahead 7-3 on a neat 22-yard cross-field swing pass to Halfback Eric Crabtree and then threw to End Mitch Zalazsky for the clincher. Army muddled around aimlessly as the first half against

VMI, but Quarterback Fred Barotsky, Tailback Sonny Stowers and Fullback Mark Hamilton finally got going and the Cadets won 21-7.

The best team in the East, however, may be NOTION COLLEGE. Coach Jim Miller turned loose his young sophomore backs against Villanova, and they ran wild 28-0. Brendan McCarthy, a 215-pounder who reminds old Eagles of Mike Holovak, was the best. He carried 34 times for 168 yards and scored once.

There was no sympathy for the aunts in the Ivy League. Princeton humiliated Rutgers 32-6, DARTMOUTH clobbered New Hampshire 56-6, HARVARD beat Holy Cross 17-7 and PENN outscored Lehigh 20-14, but everywhere else there was big trouble. CORNELL held CORNER to a scoreless tie, LAFAYETTE surprised Columbia 14-10, RHODE ISLAND defeated Brown 14-6 and CONNECTICUT upset Yale 13-6, the first time the Elis have been beaten by a home-state rival in 87 games since 1875.

THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (2-0) 2. GEORGIA (2-0) 3. LSU (2-0)

There were still some folks around Lexington who doubted that Charlie Bradshaw would ever return KENTUCKY football to where it was under Bear Bryant 11 years ago. "Charlie talks a big stick," said one skeptic, "but the man in the street is still wanting to be shown." The man can relax. The Wildcats beat Mississippi 16-7 on a daring, if thoroughly illogical, 70-yard run by Tailback Larry Seiple. With two minutes to go and Kentucky leading 9-7, the Wildcats were on their own 30, fourth down and 41

to go. Kentucky coaches knew Ole Miss liked to have its linemen drift back for a punt return rather than rush the kicker, and they had mentioned the fact to Seiple, their punter, suggesting that he might just run the ball sometime if the Rebs did not come in. But they neglected to tell him to forget

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Purdue's Bob Griese was enormous against North Dakota. He hit 19 of 22 passes for 283 yards and three touchdowns, ran the ball 15 times for 39 yards, did all the team kicking and contributed a game-saving tackle.

THE LINEMAN: Lloyd Phlips, 225-pound Arkansas tackle, taught Billy Anderson, Tulsa's gifted new quarterback, the hard facts of football life in Southwest country. He threw him for 58 yards in losses as the Hogs won 20-12.

their tip with fourth and 41 and his team ahead. The oversight burned Ole Miss for good. Kentucky, however, still has a long way to go to the SEC championship. For one thing, Bryant, Bradshaw's old teacher, had ALABAMA winning again. Quarterback Steve Sloan pushed two touchdown passes in a 27-0 victory over Tulane. And GEORGIA was leading the league after beating Vanderbilt 24-10. Then there was LSU, which finally found an offense to go with its solid defense and smashed Rice 42-14, Mississippi State also displayed some unexpected muscle. The Maroons upset Florida 18-13 on Quarterback Ashby Cook's 25-yard pass to End Don Sager in the last quarter. But Auburn had to settle for a 13-13 tie late in its game with TENNESSEE when a delay of game pen-

continued

ality put the Tigers out of range for a two-point try.

Georgia Tech was sailing along with a 10-0 lead when Harry Ledbetter, TEXAS A&M's sophomore quarterback, suddenly got the notion that the Aggies could catch Tech. Sure enough, they did. Ledbetter ran over from the one for a score and then, with 1:24 to go, threw a 26-yard pass to Lloyd Cunningham to win the game 14-10.

No one was winning easily in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Duke had its hands full holding off South Carolina 20-15 while co-leader Clemson had to come from behind to overtake Virginia 20-14 and Harold Deter's 45-yard field goal with 35 seconds to play beat Wake Forest 12-11 for NORTH CAROLINA STATE.

WEST VIRGINIA appeared to have a lock on the Southern Conference title. The talented Mountaineers routed William & Mary 34-14 for their second straight.

THE MIDWEST 1. NEBRASKA (2-0) 2. PURDUE (2-0) 3. MICHIGAN (2-0)

It was hard to recall a worse beginning for the Big Ten. True, PURDUE stunned Notre Dame 25-21 (page 30), MICHIGAN STATE easily handled Penn State, ILLINOIS recovered after a first-week loss to bury SMU 42-0 and IOWA trampled Oregon State. Like the other conference teams were performing like lost sisters. Even MICHIGAN was hard put to get by California 10-7. It took a lucky steal by Guard Paul Johnson—he plucked the ball, almost as an afterthought, from Cal's careless Dan Berry on the Michigan 12—in the last minute to save the Wolverines. Before that Michigan gave up the ball five times on interceptions and fumbles and hardly looked like a Big Ten champion.

Ohio State sputtered so badly against NORTH CAROLINA that it resorted to passes. Quarterback Don Unverferth threw 35 of them (he hit 19), but still the Bucks lost 14-3. Minnesota, following its robust start against USC, frittered away a 13-point lead and was beaten by WASHINGTON STATE 14-13. Wisconsin was no match for USC. Halfback Mike Garrett led the flaggers a merry chase, gaining 154 yards, scoring twice and passing for a touchdown as the Trojans won 26-6. In the only conference game NORTHWESTERN upset Indiana 20-0.

MISSOURI pounded Oklahoma State for 383 yards, but it was not until Quarterback Gary Lane broke away for 80 yards early in the second half that the Tigers were able to consider the rough Cowboys beaten. That did it 13-0. Just about everything possible happened to Kansas in its game with ARIZONA. Arizona Linebacker Mike Hawk blocked a quick kick and intercepted a pass to set up scores, and Guard Jay Willett ran a maddie fumble back 76 yards for a score. Arizona won 23-15.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS (2-0) 2. ARKANSAS (2-0) 3. BAYLOR (2-0)

The annual Southwest Conference middle may be unscrambled already, the men being Texas, Arkansas and Baylor, the boys being everyone else.

With Quarterback Marv Kristynik and Linebacker Tommy Nobis leading the charge, TEXAS' Longhorns romped through what was thought to be a strong Texas Tech team 33-7. Texas even abandoned its usual ultraconservatism for its first score—using a pass-lateral play similar to the one Georgia used last week to beat Alabama. Tech Coach J. F. King blamed the lopsided loss

on the great Texas defense that, for the third year, stopped All-America Donny Anderson stone-cold.

Tulsa had ARKANSAS on the ropes for three quarters before Ronny South kicked a field goal and John Brittingham engineered a 77-yard touchdown drive for a 20-12 Razorback victory. BAYLOR, meanwhile, stunned Washington in Waco with Terry Southall's passing and a surprising defense. In the last minute of the first half Southall took Baylor 75 yards for a 17-14 lead, then watched as Washington was stopped three times inside the Bears' 30.

HOUSTON, after 11 scoreless periods, finally tallied and finally won 21-6 over Cincinnati. And sophomore Quarterbacks P. D. Shubay of USC and Billy Stevens of TEXAS WESTERN did not act like sophomores. Shubay threw the pass that upset Florida State 7-3; Stevens, who gained 500 yards with his passes last week, threw for five touchdowns to beat favored New Mexico 35-14.

THE WEST 1. USC (1-0-1) 2. STANFORD (1-0-1) 3. OREGON (2-0)

While USC was winning easily at Wisconsin, NEBRASKA and little Frankie Solich invaded the West and it looked like easy pickings for a while. Solich slipped away from Air Force for 80- and 21-yard touchdown runs and Ron Kirkland scored from the six for a 21-0 lead in the first quarter. Then Falcon Quarterback Paul Stein began to throw the ball and almost before startled Nebraska knew what had happened the score was 21-17. But Solich, who picked up 205 yards rushing, saved the Huskers. From the Air Force 41, he broke over left tackle, spun away from three grabby Falcons and went in for the score that gave Nebraska a 27-17 victory. Grumped Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney: "We don't deserve to be considered the No. 1 team."

NAVY, surprising a favored STANFORD, came out running with Quarterback John Cartwright's quick options and pitchouts. The Middies got a touchdown early, then held on grimly to tie the Indians 7-7.

Oregon State was ready, it thought, for IOWA's Gary Snook. Coach Dee Andros figures Snook would throw 30 or 40 times, and he rigged his defenses to stop him. Instead, Snook sneaked through the Beavers for two scores, sophomore Fullback Silas McKinnie smashed them for 104 yards, and Flanker Karl Noonan, more renowned for his pass-catching, ran back a punt 64 yards as Iowa won 27-7. OREGON, more convincing, beat Utah 31-14.

WYOMING and BRIGHAM YOUNG continued to look like the best of the Western AC, the Cowboys trouncing Colorado State 33-14, BYU defeating Kansas State 21-3.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

ALABAMA OVER MISSISSIPPI Alabama's lightweights are not likely to get caught again.

LSU OVER FLORIDA The Bengals have learned how to score and the Gators have not.

KENTUCKY OVER KENTUCKY Kentucky's agile Wildcats will be hard for anyone to trap.

BAYLOR OVER FLORIDA STATE But not if the Seminoles can stop Southall's passing.

BYRDSBURG OVER MARYLAND Schwartzwalder's power should prevail over Nugent's guide.

WEST VIRGINIA OVER PITT Passing or running, the Mountaineers have the edge.

BOSTON COLLEGE OVER ARMY BC, bigger and healthier than Army, wants this one badly.

MICHIGAN OVER GEORGIA The Bulldogs have bite, but Michigan has backs.

MINNESOTA OVER MISSOURI Minnesota's passing is better than Mizou's running.

OKLAHOMA OVER NAVY Navy's air strikes will not be enough to beat the Sooners.

IOWA OVER WISCONSIN Both teams like to throw. Iowa's Snook does it better.

TEXAS OVER INDIANA But not in a stampede. Indiana is tougher than its record.

USC OVER OREGON STATE The Beavers simply have no one to match USC's Garrett.

WASHINGTON OVER OHIO STATE After some fierce head knocking, the Huskies by a little.

WYOMING OVER ARIZONA Wyoming is better prepared for this Western AC showdown.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
7 RIGHT, 1 WRONG, 1 TIE
BAGGER'S RECORD: 10-14-3

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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

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GRIESE KID

continued from page 31

Notre Dame defenders had their backs turned—and Beirne was 12 yards behind them. "I had Rassas beat so good I thought he was gonna grab my arm, but he didn't. Then I saw that empty grass, and the ball came, and I thought, 'dow' drop it in front of all these people.'"

Later Beirne beat Rassas by a good step at the goal line to catch a 14-yard pass from Griese that put Purdue ahead again. This was one of two passes that a Purdue player had to struggle to grab. Beirne stretched forward as he was cutting across to his right and fell with the ball. Griese, who is extremely accurate with a fast delivery—and says playing guard on the varsity basketball team helped him get that way—threw only one ball that was more than a stride off target. It was intercepted, but just before Griese got rid of the ball a Notre Dame lineman slapped his arm.

Griese threw his third scoring pass to Halfback Randy Minnear. Again the secondary was beaten by 10 yards, as Griese sent two men wide and put a halfback in motion. The Irish were searrying around in some strange 4-4 alignment (Teter had blasted them out of their customary Split Six), and no one saw the halfback until it was too late.

"We knew we could do anything we wanted to do," explained Griese after the game. "Kassas likes to play you tight, so we took advantage of it. Everything was open. Even after they went ahead at the last, we weren't worried."

Truly, Griese was not. He simply hit Halfback Jim Finley for 32 yards, Beirne for 13 and then 19, and Teter scored from the 3: 67 yards in four plays and in one minute and nine seconds. Parseghian didn't have time to think, pray, face the dome or quote Rockne.

The final irony of it all was that Griese would have preferred to have gone to Notre Dame when he finished Rex Mundi High School in Evansville. "I was eager," he said, "but just when I was getting ready to visit the campus, one of their alumni [who had best remain anonymous forever] said they didn't want me because I was too small. So I picked Purdue. You ought to stay in your own state, because that's where you'll wind up earning your living."

Griese has reddish-blond hair in a short cut that sweeps down over his forehead as Brutus' did, high cheek bones and a quick, easy smile. He has a typical



Punting superbly, Griese eagles ball toward the sidelines, deep in Notre Dame territory.

ly flat Midwest accent, and the swingiest Kappa Kappa Gamma at Northwestern would have to confess that he is outdoorsy nice-looking and personable, especially for a Boilermaker.

"It was just a question of mechanics," Griese said, as confidently as he had performed. "We've got a tough defense that'll make you know we're there [particularly against inside running, as Eddy and Woiski learned, good as they were], and the protection and the receivers are great. Hadrick is always going to be half open. And that's comforting to know."

Since there is not another Griese on Notre Dame's schedule, it seems likely that its defense can be repaired and blended with the powerful rushing game to carry Ara Parseghian through to perhaps a 9-1 season and no worse than 7-3. But the upset underlined the fact that this is not Ara's kind of team. As he said, "Purdue has Huarte and Snow this time," meaning Griese and Hadrick.

Parseghian's life has changed since a year ago, even if he does not seem to

sense it. He writes a syndicated column, has a TV show and is bombarded with triple the number of banquet and clinic invitations he had a year ago. He was truly worried before the Purdue game, because he knew he did not have the quick strike. He was so concerned about Purdue, in fact, that he did not appear at a Friday night smoker in the Van Orman-Fowler Hotel. Easygoing Jack Mollenkopf took advantage of his absence to plant a gentle needle. "Oh, well," said Mollenkopf, "we didn't really expect the Pope either."

Purdue also knew that it did not have its usual Golden Girl to wear that brief costume and run up in the stands with her baton and make all the newspapers in a wire-service photograph. No coed qualified for the first time in 11 years under the restrictions that she must be pretty, a good twirler and, perish the thought, academic.

Last week, however, it did not matter much. The Boilermakers had a Golden Arm instead.

END

Passing behind excellent protection, Griese coolly fires one of his 18 completions in game.



Once you start down that runway the fear goes

The way to promote an air race in Las Vegas, Nev., is the way you promote anything else there. The way you do it is to take promotional pictures of a flashy 1-51 or one of those sleek little 190-cubic-inch midget racers sitting on a runway, being careful to line up the plane directly behind a preening showgirl. You get the showgirl to wear just anything at all, provided it is not enough, and she struts all over the runway. This equates sky with sex and is supposed to

be box-office dynamite. You do this because you could not otherwise get people in a den-away-from-home like Las Vegas to go 20 miles out in the unair-conditioned desert to see Steve Wittman or Art Scholl or guys like that, and also because local newspapers probably would not run a front-page picture of Steve Wittman standing next to a plane, whether he preened or not.

Steve Wittman is 61 years old. He has a big jaw and a little bit of gray hair,

and he wears glasses. When he was very young, Steve went to an air race in Dayton. It might have been a race like the one that Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder put on in Las Vegas last week, but the planes they were racing then included something the pilots called a Dormay Bathub, though it actually was a motorcycle with wings, and Steve was too young to notice if there were any showgirls preening around. What he remembers, though, is this great flyer, Captain Bert Skiel, going into a power dive and his plane coming apart and plunging. Captain Bert 12 feet deep into a mudbank, or exactly twice the legal requirement for a proper burial.

The spectacular demise of Captain Bert Skiel made an impression on young Wittman. Thereafter he would not go near airplanes except to build one or race one or discover things about what makes them tick or fail to. Since 1924 Wittman has been building and racing, building and racing. He may be the only pilot ever to be shot down within the continental boundaries of the U.S. He was coming back from a race in Miami in 1950 flying low over the hills of Tennessee, when he got it right in the gas tank from an unidentified Tennesseean with a .22 rifle. Wittman landed in a farmer's field and passed out.

Wittman now runs the airport at Oshkosh, Wis., but he made a few dollars on the side racing planes until 1950. That was when promoters got squeamish about pilots killing themselves and, worse, taking some of the fans with them, as auto racers have done at Monza and Le Mans. One plane put down in the bleachers in Cleveland in 1949, killing three and ruining Cleveland as a center for air racing. Wittman was going great at the time. In fact, nobody has flown more closed-course races than he has. One of his midgets, called *Burrer*, now hangs from a ceiling in the Smithsonian Institution because it was a big winner in Cleveland in the late '40s, or perhaps because the Smithsonian people did not believe air racing would survive and wanted to save some of its past.

Whether it has survived is still to be determined. The Las Vegas races did not draw well, despite names like Scholl and Mira Slovak, the Czech who cracked the Iron Curtain by commandeering an airliner at gunpoint and flying to West Germany, and Darryl Greenamyer, the

AIR RACER ART SCHOLL TINKERS WITH HIS MIDGET PLANE "MISS SAN BERNARDINO"



Lockheed test pilot who is the defending national champion air racer, Jimmie Snyder says he will lose \$100,000 on the week but will get hotel support next year and try again. This is only the second year in the air-racing revival and the fifth program since 1949, and there are fewer than 100 pilots at present who are equipped to race. One of them was killed Saturday. Bob Abrams of Campbell, Calif., flying an F-51 Mustang in the unlimited class, developed engine trouble and when he tried to land made too tight a turn and went into a spin, crashing nose first into the grim Nevada countryside.

It was the sixth time Steve Wittman has seen a fellow racing pilot killed. It always saddens him, but it does not discourage him. He was not in Las Vegas to compete, only to officiate, but he will race again. And the younger men who have come after him will race again, too, because that is the way they are.

"When you are on the ground, taping over the joints and sanding the prop and doing all those many things you must do before you go up, you're scared," says Art Scholl. "You're a calculator when you are on the ground, because you know there is danger and you must be prepared for it. But once you start down that runway the fear vanishes, and you are up and you feel you can do almost anything."

This was in the hangar at the Boulder City airport outside Las Vegas, and Scholl, who is 33 and a movie stunt pilot and a professor of aeronautics at Valley College in San Bernardino, Calif., produced a scrap of paper. It showed a series of loops and curves and jagged lines. "I keep this taped to the instrument panel for my acrobatics act. Rolls, square loops, Immelmann turns, Cuban eights, knife-edge flight—all that. I figure the series out carefully on the ground, and then when I'm up I don't let my enthusiasm run away with me."

"That's what happened to Cliff Winters. He was a great stunt flyer, the best. He had this act where he comes out of a barricade of fire and does a snap roll. In 1962 at Chino somebody said it would really be spectacular if he could do a double snap roll when he came out of the flames. He said no, it was impossible. Not enough speed. But then he got up there, and when he came through that last barricade he tried it. He tried the double snap roll. And he crashed."

continued

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FLYING *continued*

Scholl races a red-and-white midget called *Miss San Bernardino*. Midget racers do everything the unlimited pilots do in their F-51s and F8F Bearcats, except that they go about half as fast (200 mph to about 400) over a shorter course (two and a half miles to nine and a half miles around pylons 25 feet high). Midget racers consider themselves purists because they build their own planes and are constantly tinkering and modifying. Scholl's midget has been torn apart every year for four years and rebuilt by his students. Two accompanied him as crew to Las Vegas.

Scholl is a skinny six-footer with an easy smile and no pretensions. He does not even own a white silk scarf. When Steve Wittman was winning races in the late '40s Art Scholl was flying model airplanes in Brown Deer, Wis. and marching in the school band. The first time he went up in a plane he was already a senior in high school. He soloed after an hour and a half. "It was just like flying that model airplane. You know, I used to think the NAA was a model-airplane association."

Scholl does a lot of stunt flying for Tallmantz, the outfit that supplies planes and crews for movies and television programs. He gets mostly bad-guy roles—German raiders and Japanese *Kamikazes*. He has flown everything from a German World War I Fokker DR-1 to one of the old Curtiss Pushers, the type that has the wicker basket out front for the pilot to sit in and nothing but wire and struts behind. The Curtiss Pusher runs wide open at 45 mph and stalls at 35—a delicate margin for error. Once when he was up in it, bucking a head wind, Scholl looked down over a golf course and saw that he was being passed by a golf cart. "Now, that scared me," he says.

Scholl won \$2,000 racing at Reno last month but, like all racing pilots, if he were to allow himself \$1 an hour for the time he puts in keeping *Miss San Bernardino* shipshape he would be deep in the hole. In the finals at Las Vegas, Scholl finished fourth to Bob Porter. But he flew the lowest, banked the hardest, turned the sharpest. It looked as though he would surely dig a wing into the sagebrush. Back in the hangar he was congratulated for his daring.

"Did it really look that dangerous?" he said, incredulous. "Gosh, I didn't realize it. It didn't seem that way." **END**

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Strutting like a drum major, Bret Hanover salutes the crowd after setting a world record at pacing's Little Brown Jug and becoming

The fastest ham on four legs

There are those in Delaware, O. who think the town could do without the Little Brown Jug—why, the very name evokes images of liquor and gambling and sundry evils. They prefer that the community be talked of and remembered as the birthplace of its foremost native, President Rutherford B. Hayes. True, Delaware's first house was not a home at all, but a tavern, and Ruddy Hayes was the son of a whiskey distiller, but that's the kind of information a town keeps to itself. Just last winter, when Delaware needed a new water tower, one of the more liberal citizens suggested it might be appropriate to put up one that was jug-shaped, history being what it is and the tourist business being no business at all except during Little Brown Jug Week. But 55 preachers rose up in their pulpits, and down went the most ingenious plan yet offered to make the town beautiful, if not beautiful.

Like it or not, last Thursday the Jug

was the thing in Delaware, O. More than 41,000 people went out to the fairgrounds and, nice as the steer sale and daredevil show might have been, it was horses they came to see. And a horse they saw, as Bret Hanover, the best pacer in years, set two world records, won his 42nd race in 45 starts and made off with pacing's biggest prize.

Not since the days of Dan Patch has harness racing had one quite like this, a pacer with uncommon ability and personality. Old Dan Patch would arrive at a fairgrounds in a gleaming railroad car, his picture painted on the side. For weeks billboards would advertise his coming, and on Dan Patch Day huge crowds would gather just to see him race against the clock. Eighty-two thousand once watched him in Allentown, and 102,000 in Terre Haute. You could buy a Dan Patch sled for your son, and a Dan Patch washing machine would clean your clothes in less than two minutes.

Now, in the Great Society, you are never going to see a Bret Hanover washing machine, but the new champion rivals Dan in a lot of other ways. At 3, he has paced faster than Dan ever did. He travels 11,000 miles a year, is seen by 350,000 people, and not even Lawrence Welk can rouse a midwestern crowd as thoroughly. Bret struts with his head held high like a drum major, and he bows to the crowd. He eats peppermint candy, given a chance, and in the winner's circle—where he spends a lot of time—he often munches on the flowers he has won. Bret is a show, and so is his silver-haired trainer, Frank Ervin. Frank's father raced a horse against Dan Patch, and 61-year-old Frank likes to reminisce about those days. He taught his first Jug winner, Good Time, to camel-walk and nod his head to music. The crowds loved it, and so did Frank, even though he would not admit it, then or now.

Last week he was playing down Bret's antics, but not his colt's ability. "If he'd been turned into an exhibition horse like Dan Patch, Bret never would have been beaten," Ervin said. "The man who had Dan Patch knew he'd lose one if he kept racing him, so he stopped and made a circus horse of him after he had won 27 straight. Bret got to 35 before he was beaten. It had to happen if I kept racing him."

The question now was: Could that happen in the Little Brown Jug? The Jug had a seven-horse field, but it never could have been anything more than a two-horse race. The other was Adios Vic, the only colt ever to upstage Bret Hanover.

A midjet pacer with a giant closing rush, Vic had beaten Bret three times, all on mile racetracks. He likes their wide turns and long stretches because he is swift but not surefooted. He shimmies into the final bend so quickly that he often knocks himself off stride—which accounts for his comparatively indifferent record this year of 11 wins in 26 starts. But when Adios Vic keeps his balance he will pace the last quarter of a mile race in 26 seconds. How fast is that? Well, it is two-fifths of a second swifter than Tosmah and Affectionately, the two best Thoroughbred mares in the country, could run their final quarter

continued

mile in the big race at Aqueduct last week, and they weren't pulling a 29-pound sulky and a 170-pound man.

But sheer speed did not avail the little colt in Delaware. Although the turns on the saucer-shaped half-mile track are well banked, a turn is a turn. To compensate for them, Jimmy Dennis tightened the leg harness on Adios Vic, hoping that if his hoppers were taken up an inch they would hold the colt together. There was nothing at all Dennis could do about the colt's post position. He drew the extreme outside, which is as popular a place as Death Valley. Then, if there was any real doubt left about who would win, it seemed settled the night before the race when a hard rain softened the track. A small, quick-gaited colt like Adios Vic tires on a slow and sticky track, while a big-going Bret just plows through.

By race time, however, the surface was reasonably good. "Only about a second off," Frank Ervin said. Two feet of mud had been bulldozed to the outside rail

all the way around the track, and what was left was more hardpan than cushion. Skipper Gene, a colt who spent the summer at places like the Kenton, Ohio fair and was in Delaware more for the glory of starting in a Jug than the hope of winning, had the pole position. At the start Skipper Gene got the glory while he could, taking the lead and going the half in 58. Meanwhile Frank Ervin had Bret in fourth place. He was parked out, but he was using Sonny Daneer's Gee Lee Hanover as a windshield. Adios Vic was flumming on the turns. As the field turned into the stretch the first time, Frank sent Bret three wide and into the lead. Going to the three-quarters, Adios Vic started his move, but the final bend loomed just ahead, and he had hardly gotten into high gear before the turn stopped him. He fell back to fourth. Bret was eased under the wire, a winner by more than three lengths in 1:57. Never has a pacer raced at such speed on a half-mile track.

In the second mile heat of the Jug,

Ervin once more waited until the field had gone almost half a mile before swinging around the leader and letting Bret take off. The big colt again turned into the homestretch nearly three lengths in front of the field, and he was eased up to win by two lengths over Tusedo Hanover. Again Adios Vic finished fourth. The second mile was two-fifths of a second slower than the first but, combined, the two miles broke the world record for back-to-back heats.

Every horse in the 1965 Little Brown Jug—even the 170-to-1 shot, Skipper Gene—raced a mile in less than two minutes. Back in Dan Patch's day the country's biggest races were won in 2:05 and times like that, and it was not until seven years ago that the Jug itself was won in less than two minutes. Now if you want to win Saturday night's feature you had better finish in 1:59 or so. If you want to win the Little Brown Jug you had better set a world record. It's enough to drive a horseman to drink, even in Delaware. O.

END

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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

field goal after a Unitas fumble, and on the next play Herb Adderley intercepted a Unitas pass and ran 48 yards for a touchdown. Finally, on a third-down blitz Unitas threw blindly into a zone, and Berry grabbed it at the goal to set up a touchdown and a 10-10 tie at the half.

The Baltimore defense, playing brilliantly, penetrated to halt Green Bay's sweeps and put Paul Hornung out of the game with a pinched nerve in the third quarter. Packer Quarterback Bart Starr also left, with a twisted leg.

Zeke Bratkowski, his replacement, started slowly in the chill weather, but Chandler kicked a 41-yard field goal and Green Bay led again 13-10 early in the fourth period. Unitas, throwing to Tight End John Mackey and to Berry, drove the Colts into another lead, 17-13, on a five-yard touchdown pass to Berry.

With Hornung, Starr and Taylor out, and with the Baltimore defense holding, the Colts apparently were on their way to a repeat of 1964. But the Colt offense, which had been making errors, suddenly collapsed altogether. From their own 31, three penalties put the Colts back to the two, and Tom Gilburg, punting into the wind, barely got the ball to the original line of scrimmage. The defense stopped Green Bay again, but then Lennie Moore fumbled and the Packers' Willie Wood recovered at the Baltimore 37. Bratkowski used the ancient trick of throwing deep after a fumble, and it paid off with a 37-yard touchdown pass to Max McGee with 2:48 left to play. Green Bay now led 20-17.

With Unitas passing to Mackey and Berry, the Colts returned to the Green Bay 38 with 58 seconds left. Then Unitas threw to Tom Matte at the Packer 24 and Matte dropped the ball after a cracking tackle. Adderley recovered, and Baltimore had lost even a chance at a tying field goal.

"We blew it," said Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom.

Lombardi maintains that the Packers do not have true depth but an illusion of depth, since all the linemen can play more than one position, as can the defensive backs. But in beating Baltimore with three offensive backs on the sideline at the finish, Green Bay looked genuinely deep, and the Packers move into next week's Chicago Bears game with their biggest obstacle brushed aside—until December 12 when the gang war will be renewed at Baltimore.

END

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TALES OF NORMAN FORD

OR *How to Save Your Hair, Make Perfume,
Be a Best-selling Novelist, Take Years off
Your Face, Move into Mrs. Astor's House
with Only One Suit—and Beat the Races*

BY FRANK DEFORD

Read any Norman Ford lately? Maybe his novel, *The Black, The Gray, and The Gold?* That's his *published* novel, which is why on the back of the picture postcard of his house it says, "The home of Norman Robert Ford, the novelist." But there have also been a dozen unpublished novels, 125 short stories, numerous poems and several plays—the latter, appropriately, were produced, directed and acted in theaters throughout the country by Norman Ford. Also a bunch of stories that appeared in *Confidential* and *Whisper*, with Ford exposing, more or less, the "real" life in prep schools and at West Point. Or you may have read some of Norman Ford's pamphlets—designed, printed, advertised, written and sold by Norman Ford, and including such numbers as *What You Can Do About Varicose Veins*, *\$100 a Week Making Rosaries*, *The Love Poems of Vermont*, *How to Make Perfume and Make Money with It*, *You Can Save Your Hair*, *How to Recognize the Psychopathic Teacher*, *Hormones and What You Should Know About Them*, *How to Make Rubber Stamps and Make Money with Them*, and

the ever-popular *How to Be Reborn Each Day*.

For 25 years Norman Ford wrote these pamphlets, poems and plays and taught at prep schools, husbanding his finances so that he could chase the dream of becoming the great American novelist. He never once came close except, ironically, that he once taught the boy who became a great American novelist—J. D. Salinger was in his English and dramatics class at Valley Forge Academy.

In addition to teaching and writing, Ford was an Army officer, a Navy officer, an astrologer, a choirmaster, a typist and a book keeper. Also, he *did* save his hair, he *did* make rosaries and he *did* produce perfume and sell it—handing out *The Love Poems of Vermont* as a come-on in the deal. But always he was really just bounding after the dream, carrying one suit, one printing press ("that's the one thing I'd never pawn no matter how bad it got") and not much else, except perhaps a growing disillusionment with the world about him.

So there he was in November 1962, optimistic but down as usual, penniless,

cold and hungry, trying to scrape together enough to write just the one more novel. And then—flourish and loud alarms—then Norman Ford wrote the first book in the series *Norman Ford's Force Method for the Handicapping of Race Horses*.

Hardly 18 months later Norman Ford moved to Newport, R.I., the geographic symbol of absolutely unbridled wealth, onto Newport's most fashionable street, Bellevue Avenue, into the mansion, Beechwood, that formerly had been owned by Mrs. William Astor—the Mrs. Astor—and had been the splendid scene for decades of society's most exclusive parties, limited to the magic number of 400.

There are 63 rooms in Beechwood. Mrs. Astor knocked down a wall and expanded the ballroom and made it the biggest in all of Newport. Beechwood is just a few doors down from Doris Duke's place, surrounded by eight acres of lawns and rose gardens, overlooking *coastland*

Before racing class at his Newport mansion, Ford, in customary attire, greets a student.



the Atlantic Ocean. It costs Ford \$15,000 a year to lease it—he could buy it all for \$250,000, but he balks at tying up that much capital—and it costs him at least another \$15,000 annually to maintain it in the style to which it is accustomed. And Norman Ford lives there in Beechwood all by himself. That Norman Ford is one guy who beat the races, huh?

Ford evolved his Force Method after hardly a decade of race going, and he was not really a track regular until late in that period. He had, however, done work sporadically for his late brother Geoffrey, who had had a racing school of his own. These are the racing-school Fords.

Norman assimilated Geoffrey's ideas about both racing and racing schools, but his methods of handicapping and doing business are vastly different from his brother's. Still, it is interesting to note—though it is not surprising, Ford having written pamphlets on virtually every subject known to superstitious man—that he once wrote one entitled, yes, *How to Start and Operate a Profitable School for Horseplayers*. In addition to his new fortune, Ford thus wins this year's award for chickens coming home to roost.

The Force Method is, above all, not a system. System is not a word you use around Norman Ford. He is 56 now but in the youth of his success, still a sturdy, powerfully built man with flowing off-white hair. When Ford hears "system" he gets a pained look on his face—though you usually can't see his face. It is hidden behind two pairs of eyeglasses and almost always under a dirty old hat with a long green plastic visor that he found lying around the place. He is frugal, too.

Mellowing now, he seldom shows the belligerence that was born of the hard times. Instead, he is just sort of cynically whimsical, twitting the world more than fighting it. "People who think they know me often wonder how I can distrust others so thoroughly and still enjoy life," he writes in one of his self-analysis asides, this in Book Nine. Today he diffuses his scorn with wit or mimicry. The thespian

in him is as alive as the novelist, and he is given to acting out odd, fiery scenes that he participated in with various protagonists, such as headmasters or complaining racing students.

The Force Method began strictly as a mail-order project. ("What does it mean? I don't know, I just dreamed up the name," he says. But later: "No, it means that with this method you are practically forced into picking the right horse.") In the Force Method's almost three years, more than 5,000 people have "enrolled" for the course, and 2,000 are on the books now—which is a fair-sized student body, considering that the series is up to 28 books and each and every one sells at \$3 a throw.

Ford has also begun meeting with individual students and in periodic lecture sessions with groups at Beechwood, which is referred to in his literature as The School for Millionaires. For tax purposes it is referred to just as a plain old school school. That is good enough for the Internal Revenue Service. This winter Ford plans to hold sessions in California and Florida and, if that works out well, he may arrange a speaking schedule covering many other parts of the country. Geographically his students are widely scattered. Some have traveled from as far away as California to meet with Ford. Nearly all who are still enrolled after receiving three or four books swear by Ford's theories. They swamp him with letters and send their copies of marked racing papers—*The Morning Telegraph* or *Daily Racing Form*—beseeching him to show them where they or (heaven forbid) the Force Method went wrong. Ford fires right back at them. He is extremely self-confident and persuasive, as glib with words as numbers—a rare trait but a particularly good one to possess in this game.

Ford has made good money at the races using the Force Method. So, too, by now have some of the students. The incumbent honor student is a dentist from Pasadena who played so much Force Method and so little teeth that his

wife got after him. He settled things simply by winning enough at the races to send her on an extended Paris vacation so he could keep going happily to the track. Ford figures he himself could easily clear between \$50,000 and \$100,000 annually at the races if he could tolerate the existence. But he never could stand the tracks for much more than a couple of months at a stretch. He would make a bit and then hurry back to Vermont, "where nobody cared if your trousers were frayed," to work on one of those novels. Now, since he obviously can make just as much money sitting home in Newport and telling other people about it, he seldom ventures out on extended betting excursions, except to Florida in the winter. But he keeps up, reading *The Telegraph* religiously and reexamining and updating his system—uh—method.

One of the more surprising things about the success of the Force Method is that Ford did not have it all figured out at the start. He has been obliged to revise as he composed, and in a few instances he has completely contradicted earlier statements. The Force Method grows all the time. Like Hinduism, it will graciously incorporate any new revelation.

"I'm not the least bit interested in winners. I just want profits," Ford says. In the profitable, warm folds of the Force Method there is something for everyone. There is room for the chalk player and for the long-shot player, for the big bettor and for the \$2-show timid soul, for those who like parlays, for those who go for the daily doubles, and for people who prefer to bet across the board, win or place or show or any combination thereof. Ford himself bets mostly place or show, contradicting an old wives' tale that betting to win is the only way to win.

So far in the 28 books, which comprise about 275,000 words, every racing contingency this side of the effect of Elizabeth Taylor up on The Pie in *National Velvet* has been meticulously discussed. Not surprisingly, then, exceptions to the major rules abound. But Ford is

continued

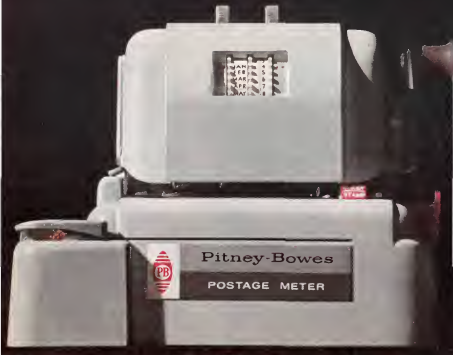


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faithful to his basic premises. He believes that he has isolated the key past-performance factors that point to the winner. *The Telegraph* provides about 20 different ways of rating and comparing horses; Ford says he has determined the four that count in the long run. Normally he does not even consider such supposedly significant factors as distance of the race, track condition, speed of past races ("speed is a result, not a factor"), comments on past races, jockeys, trainers, breeding, stretch-running ability, money earned and workouts.

Instead, he says he has empirically concluded that the horses to bet are those that rate highest in these four areas:

1) **RECENCY** (his word) OF THE HORSE'S LAST RACE. Ford insists that a horse he bets must have run within 21 days; he prefers a 15-day limit.

2) **WEIGHT**. He has worked out a rating guide, which is derived by comparing the horse's scheduled weight with the average that he carried in his last three races.

3) **CLASS**. Ford has developed a method of assessing a horse's inherent class and giving it a rating. He believes this is his most significant gift to the art of handicapping.

4) **SIGNAL**. Ford believes that a horse's readiness is most transitory and is signaled by the way he ran in his last race. He considers only the last race. "Other things being equal," he writes in Book Seven (*Long Shots*), "the player who can solve the riddle of the most recent race is the player who will select horses that pay."

The signal, Ford says, is "the key" to the Force Method. Those signals that Ford sees, however, are often different from the ones that grand old handicapping traditions suggest. Contrary to all racing folklore, for example, Ford usually dislikes a horse that was closing fast in his last race. He likes a horse that quit last time out. He figures it means the horse was tired in that race but is fresh now. On the other hand, a horse that drove and fought to close ground may have looked courageous, but the effort probably tired him for his next race. "We want a horse who did a smooth job

last time," Ford writes. "The Backward Smoothie is most desirable; we like an F horse [an F (Forward) horse is one that gained on the leaders; a B (Backward) horse lost ground] too, but we are always on the alert for an F horse that ran too hard and exhausted himself last time out."

Putting the four factors together, Ford has evolved something called Uniscore, which produces one score for every horse in a race. It is the ultimate refinement of the Force Method.

It also was one of his memorable dramatic achievements, for, like an old treasure map—the one half buried, the other half committed to memory and swallowed—Uniscore was shrewdly devised by Ford to be revealed in two books. Both are marked **TOP SECRET** on their covers but, Ford contends, one is gibberish without the other. Students are instructed to learn what the numbers mean from the *Key* and then, for security reasons, to take only the book of tables to the track. "The *Uniscore Tables* present utter confusion to anyone who has not studied the Force Method," Ford writes in the *Key*, in explaining his

victory over the evil forces that may attempt to steal precious Uniscores.

The Force Method began merely as an advertisement, Ford having long before decided that it was wise not to write anything until he had a good idea how much demand there was for it. He was absolutely dead broke at the time and hocked some jewelry of sentimental value that he was holding for a friend. That got him \$6 to pay for an ad for the Force Method in a tawdry freak sheet in Montreal.

There were enough inquiries to encourage Ford to start writing, so he burned paper and the use of a mimeograph machine from the bookstore where he had held the autographing party for his novel, *The Black, The Gray, and The Gold*. "I had them," he explains. "They couldn't very well turn down the only author that had ever held an autographing session in their place." He figured that if he was lucky with the Force Method he might be able to make \$100 a week for long enough to bang out his new novel and then he could start bugging Doubleday again. As it turned out, the novel—attacking the American educa-

continued



With racing papers and usual number of eyeglasses, Ford relaxes in one of Beechwood's 63 rooms

tional system—never had a chance. The Force Method was making more than \$1,000 a week within four months, and next stop, baby, was Newport.

Since the Force Method attained the four-figures-a-week plateau, Ford has deliberately stabilized profits. He makes about \$600 for every \$100 worth of newspaper advertising he pays for and, because he does not care to expand his staff beyond the two devoted helpers whom he has, he regulates how much he works and how much he earns by the number of ads he places around the country.

Actually he's a little bored with it all now, craves a capital gains deal and is asking \$125,000 for the whole shebang. ("A gold mine," the circular says. "The two largest selling points in my property are the books themselves . . . and my name, which is well known in literary circles, familiar to most reading people.") Since no enterprising member of the literati has bitten yet, Ford figures he will just have to keep on turning out the books. He says he has 500 students who would buy a book every week if he cared to bang them out that fast. As it is, he can produce a complete book in 36 hours, including time off for a night's sleep. That means from the minute he types the first word—directly onto the stencil (he never makes a rough draft)—until the time the book is written, mimeographed, proofread, corrected, covered, folded, stapled, bound and mailed out by the suspicious Newport post office, 36 hours will have elapsed. Each copy costs all of 8¢ to produce. Ford says that he can make more money more efficiently in the mail-order field than anyone else in the world. There seems to be no reason to dispute that claim.

"My great forte is organizing," he says. "But, you see, I didn't realize it myself. It took me all that time to see that I was doing the wrong kind of writing. I never thought. It was just a fight all the time to stay out of the schools. Stay out of the goddam schools. I seldom stayed at one for more than a year. I'd just take everything and disappear.

Just disappear." His mention of the schools usually precipitates Ford into a more or less fixed speech, or rant. Other targets include taxes, the government, Babbitt and the general decline of the 20th century. But he never, apparently, fully appreciates the severity of his words, and even at his most vitriolic he remains hopelessly amiable and delightful.

"I was at Taft one year—best school I ever was in—and the kids all called me Johnny-One-Suit. Not to my face, but I knew. I heard one of them mumble it in the dining hall, so I just got up and pinned him up against the wall and held him up by his snotty little collar. I suspect—well, they never said—but I guess that was the reason they didn't want me back."

Before Taft it had been Brooklyn Academy, and then with Salinger at Valley Forge—where Ford was choirmaster and was booted out for swearing in the choir loft—and Riverside Military Academy. After Taft it was Darrow and Pawling, after which Ford tried to write for the movies. The war came, and he was stationed in Hawaii as a naval officer. Then it was back to the schools: New York Military Academy, Norwich University, the Irving School, Montclair Academy and, finally, Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pa.

At Lycoming, Ford taught statistics and overwhelmed his classes with hard work. "If you were a normal person," he says, "Lycoming would be the end of the world. I began to see the futility in it. And I said to myself, 'Norman, it's getting late.' I was, uh, 49 then. I was living in a miserable \$8-a-week hotel room and teaching these horrible kids. All that sustained me was that I had the idea for the West Point novel. Just before exams a bunch of the students came to me in desperation and asked how much I would take to give them A's. I needed money desperately to live on while I wrote, so I figured, ah, to hell with it. All my life I've played by the rules. For once I'll go on the take. So I said, 'Fifty dollars.'"

"Six of them paid me, \$50 each, and I gave them their A's, but when they paid

me I made a note of their names. I said that I would get the money back to them, that this was just an investment in my novel. Well, you can tell them to come and get their \$50 back now. I'd like to see the expressions on the faces of some of those kids from Taft when they find out that old Johnny-One-Suit is living in Newport now, in the Astor place."

Ford thumps about his manner in clothes that the Astors would not have permitted the servants to wear. The visor hat is traditional, it seems. So, too, are droopy woolen socks, a rumpled shirt and a pair of blue jeans, cut short and jagged, à la Daisy Mae. He still owns only one suit, and dressing up means only the concession of a cleaner visor hat and long pants. This scraggly outfit is all the more odd because of Ford's spit-and-polish, West Point background. He was in the class of 1932, but after some dispirited duty on Fishers Island he resigned his commission two years later. Still, the Point (if not the Army) retains a sentimental hold on him. There is, however, no love lost for Ford at the academy, because his one novel that was published—and which had a fair exposure—was about the cheating scandal. But Ford's affection for his alma mater, however directed, is obvious, and a disproportionate amount of his serious work has been concerned with it.

At the many schools where he taught, Ford had the problem—besides that of his just plain obstinate nature—of his West Point training. He could never forget it and was always too hard on the preppies. But he is proud of the tough-guy pose, and he has sustained it in the writing of the Force Method books. Whether or not Ford planned it that way, this tone has provided the Force Method with a certain dignity in comparison with the usual mail-order prose, which tends toward euphony and seductive phrasing. Ford starts right out calling the Method a school and demanding hard work and proper attention or he does not want any more of your lousy money. With Book One (*Basic Principles*) he sends along something called the Code Book. It begins with an omi-

continued

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nous preface aptly titled *A Warning to New Students*. In the way of thanks for their \$3, the freshmen promptly catch it as Ford answers 100 questions—stupid ones that he says people are always asking him and that he doesn't want to find students ever asking him again. Samples:

Q. Do you guarantee I can make money with this method?

A. Don't be a jackass. How do I know you can even understand it?

Q. Will you make me a package deal so that I can learn the Force Method at one mailing?

A. Dear Mr. Paderewski, send me a package deal to play the Tchaikovsky concerto in one lesson.

Q. Can you send me all the rules I need to know to make the system work without reading and studying a whole flock of books?

A. Can you peel a grape?

And, as usual in his conversation and writing, there is one Q & A presumably for those not classified in the "most reading people" group:

Q. Are you the same Norman Ford who wrote that scandalous novel attack-

ing West Point—*The Black, The Gray, and The Gold*?

A. Yes.

But if Ford begins his series as a martinet, he soon turns into a friendly Dutch uncle, mellowing further into a Mr. Chips, and finally the whole original posture evaporates into a Normy-and-His-Friends bit. Oh, there is occasional chastisement for students, but most of Ford's censure and sarcasm is reserved for those leuts not enrolled in the Force Method. In some instances, as in Book Nine—where he instructs students in how he expects them to behave at the track—he gets downright paternal. He tells them at length how to prepare themselves and be comfortably dressed before leaving home, what modes of transportation are available, not to be ostentatious with winnings and not to associate with strangers. "There are men who will kill for \$50 or less. Keep it in mind," he notes.

As his students become a captive audience, more and more of Ford's extracurricular opinions creep in among the race charts. "The teacher is the middle-class servant to the wealthy, and higher

learning is an abomination," he declares in Book Nine. But it is a wonderfully engaging prose that Ford distributes, and not until he wrote Book Twenty-One did he forsake the role of headmaster for his first love. By then, obviously, he could no longer contain himself. He had not been away from a novel for so long in 20 years. He had to do a novel. Had to. But he also had to answer the students' demands. So he wrote a horse-racing novel for them. Or at least he started. It was to run in installments, each at the established \$3 price, and it was called *Grandma Was a Horseplayer*. And it was a bomb. "I guess the students just weren't ready for it," Ford says. "They started writing in like crazy: 'Give us the racing!'" So, by Book Twenty-three, which would have been the third installment, *Grandma* was all but phased out. She was doing a lot more handclapping than galloping. To further soothe the students, Ford here introduced *Unscored*, after thinking about it at least since Book Eleven (*Weight-Perforance*). "If I didn't have something new for you all the time, I'd quit writing the books," he assured students in a succinct policy statement.

Ford teaches beautifully. He will explain a new point carefully and then, for illustration, will analyze an actual past race, culled from his stacks of *Telegraphs*. "Here's a claiming race that won Force Method players a great deal of money," a typical account begins in Book Five (*Dictionary of Races*). "It happened at Rockingham Park on 14 August 1962 in the 2nd race. Nine horses, and you're going to be amazed at how easy this selection was.

"Three are not up to the claiming price of \$2,500, so out they go.

"Two are carrying too much weight.

"One is exhausted from his last race.

"That leaves Rosy Future, a B-8, Penepope, an R-5, and Miss Sheila, a D-17. No doubt at all, is there? We certainly don't want a D-17, and if Penepope ran a rough race last time we can't allow her in ahead of Rosy Future. Now I want you to note that Rosy Future was nothing special—just a filly in

continued



Ford points out the wonders of Mrs. Astor's ballroom to some adoring Force Method students.



Power train guaranteed for 24 months or 24,000 miles

Most people buy the SAAB on the ground

The one in the air cruises at more than 1,500 mph, goes at least 30 gallons to the mile and costs \$2,000,000 f.o.b. Stockholm. It's the new Viggen super-jet SAAB is building for the Swedish Air Force.

Most people will take off in the SAAB on the ground. Developing more than a horsepower per cubic inch of displacement — more than most high-powered sports cars — it can cruise easily at speeds higher than the law allows, goes 30 miles to the gallon, and has a p.e.c. cost about 1,000 times lower.

It's the only car in the world engineered to aircraft standards. You can

feel it in the driving, see it in the wind-tunnel styling, sense it in the 18-gauge Swedish steel body that protects you and your family.

SAAB designed the car to handle like a jet fighter, beginning with front wheel drive and the up front engine. And 16 years of improving on a good thing give you sports car feel and response in a family sedan with typical Swedish quality.

SAAB always goes exactly where you point it — pulls you through unexpected curves and tight spots, instead of pushing you into spinouts. And does it with traction you won't believe until

you drive it — on rain-slick or icy roads, through snow, mud or sand.

SAAB dealers throughout the country will give you a test flight.

But don't buy the jet fighter. Hold out for the car. It seats four more people — six more if you buy the station wagon.

Happy landings!

SAAB

8 year old
Kentucky Tavern
is an old smoothie.



The rule is that straight Bourbon must be aged 2 years. Many Bourbons settle for 4 years. Some for 6. But Kentucky Tavern holds out for 8 full years. When Bourbon flavor is at its peak. As a matter of fact we think 8 year old Kentucky Tavern is the only Bourbon old enough—and smooth enough to drink.

a race. She has ten races on the record and believe it or not, she has never even been in the money *once* in all those times. She's the kind of nag that makes people ask—what's she doing in this race? Well, she was doing plenty. She had regency, enough class, a smooth backward race last time out, and she was dropping *six* pounds off her recent races. Of course, the blind horseplayers at the track let her go off at 13/1 and she won by a length, paying the golden sum of \$27.80 . . . That future really was rosy, wasn't it?

"Here's an easy and profitable handicapper at Saratoga on 9 August 1962. . . . won very easily and paid \$13.60. Sometimes following the Force Method can be like taking candy from a baby."

etc.

Ford does make a point of *losing* a race or two that he describes at just about the time when all this winning is getting a mite suspicious. But he seldom varies from the upbeat and sometimes carries the students away in a rush of euphoria. "The best thing about Belmont Park," Ford writes, "is the lovely back garden where you can get away from the crowds and sit or lie on the grass and quietly decide what the Force Method indicates."

It is this combination—earnestness and charm rather than hard sell, together with the good, clean instructional value—that is responsible for the success of the Force Method. Its popularity is, however, only one of the remarkable phenomena that have occurred. There is also the simple surprise that Norman Ford, the disenchanted, found that he really liked the people who bought his books. "I've met better people in the last three years than in a whole life at the schools," he says, still shaken by the revelation. "The people you find in the schools—and I've been in enough of the goddam schools to generalize about them all I want—are usually hide-bound, insular and downright bigoted. But not the Force Method students. None of them are soporific or moping. They're wonderfully vital people. That's the one word for them—vital."

Fascinating, too, is the fact that the students have developed a clubby, fraternal view toward the Force Method that often transcends their educational or financial concern. There have been few professional handicappers attracted; rather, the nucleus is composed of dedicated hobbyists. To his complete astonishment, Ford found that several of his best students do not even bet. They just buy *The Telegraph*, "quietly decide what the Force Method indicates," and then check next day to see how they did. It is just like anagrams or crosswords. They can play every race and make all sorts of little numerical jottings and circle things and cross out others and underline. In short, there may be no pot of gold at the end of the course, but it is still a lot of fun to play Norman Ford's Force Method at your neighborhood racetrack.

"The front—Beechwood—is the biggest expense," Ford says. "But it is a proper expense and a worthwhile one. Don't you think that these people find a new pride and a self-respect in what is supposed to be a shady avocation when they can come to Newport and sit in Mrs. Astor's ballroom and listen to a composed, literate lecture on their favorite subject?"

"Of course, the fact that I'm in charge helps, too. You know—that I'm a West Point graduate, a best-selling novelist and a real teacher. The personal touch is still needed. I answer every letter. It is a genuine student-teacher relationship."

The regulars are enthralled with it all and particularly taken by the Newport angle. Ford, appreciating this, feeds them plenty of it. For instance, starting with Book Eleven, an impressive rendering of Beechwood appears on the covers with the caption, "Beechwood Newport, R.I.: Force Method Headquarters." Then, in Book Fifteen (*Class in Allowance Races*), Ford describes all the homey little problems one must contend with in living on an estate ("the unexpected obstacles of having to trot a quarter of a mile in this 63-room mansion"), and in Book Seventeen (*Weight Versus Odds*) he goes into his personal financial situation, vividly attacking the income taxes

as he goes, but taking plenty of time once again to let all of the students in on little homemaking details at Beechwood. "Heating a 63-room mansion is not easy," he lets on. If the students cannot win at the track, they can always vicariously experience the joys and minor trials of the teacher.

Today, his battle won, his pride restored and even his faith in mankind somewhat repaired, Ford is out seeking new challenges. He has a pamphlet planned, called *Formulas after Fivfr*, in which Cervantes will star with Norman Ford, (Cervantes, who did not make much of a splash in his group until he published *Don Quixote* at age 57, is something of a hero figure for Ford.) He also has a book idea that he thinks even a publisher might buy—*Dear Horseplayer*, a collection of silly letters to the professor from his students. Among other schemes awaiting his pleasure is that novel blasting American education. But good fortune, having finally located Norman Ford, now just about keeps bowling him over.

Mulling the various possibilities for his future, Ford went to Providence one day recently to meet his sister-in-law, Joan. She was coming from California to assist him in preparing for his big July conference, to help tidy up Beechwood and give the place a feminine look for the many lady students who would be attending. When Joan got off the train and Ford first spotted her, he was nearly, as he acts it out, struck dumb. Why, he could hardly believe it—she looked so young! *What had she done to herself?*

Well now, Joan explained, she had learned about some amazing new facial exercises, a wonderful treatment that removed middle-age flab and that *took years off her age!* And suddenly, there in the ancient Providence railroad terminal, light bulbs lit and eureka flashed about the bushy head of Norman Ford. The next day all of the books on facial exercises were gone from the Newport library. Ford learned how to do this one thing in the privacy of your own

continued



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civilized Scotch, you know.

In 1853 Andrew Usher made the first blended Scotch—the first civilized Scotch. It was light and smooth. A lot of other distillers copied Usher's Green Stripe. But nobody ever quite made it. Don't do anything without your Green Stripe.

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NORMAN FORD *continued*

how where you use the muscles at the bottom of the eye without using the ones at the top. That gets rid of those unsightly bags under the eyes!

"I should be able to get 20 books out of this without any difficulty," Ford said, working his left eye. He said he might have to look into buying the grandest mansion of them all in Newport, The Breakers, the old Vanderbilt place, and turn it into a charm school. "How do you think they would like that?" he asked, the con and the sincerity and the ambition and the irreverence all getting mixed up on his face, the way they do now. He rubbed his hand through his great mane of hair—he was losing it 25 years ago before he learned how to do something about it—plopped on his grubby hat with the long green plastic visor and strutted off in the ragged blue-jean shorts through some of the 63 rooms in the Asor mansion, which is now the headquarters of the Force Method and "the home of Norman Robert Ford, the novelist."

END



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Who's on first? Mr. Bruning, that's who!

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Sam McDowell gripped the baseball and inscribed the date, September 24, 1965, and the name of the victim, George Smith of the Tigers, shortly after he had become the youngest pitcher—and only the fifth in history—to strike out 300 batters in one season. Even so, the 23-year-old CLEVELAND (5-3) left-hander had a complaint: "I just wish I could put the name 'Mickey Mantle' on this ball," said McDowell. "I got Mantle for my 300th strikeout with the hardest pitch I've ever thrown. And Mickey told my catcher, Phil Roof, that he never saw a faster pitch." A 6-foot 5-inch Pennsylvanian, McDowell has the fastest pitch in the American League and the lowest strikeouts in the majors. "Sam's so fast he doesn't need pinpoint control," says Indian Manager Birdie Tebbets. The Elvis Presley-length sideburns attract even more attention to McDowell. "I'd like to think up some good story to tell you why I have them so long," he told a reporter, "but they just sort of grew long between barbeques, and I had the barber leave them that way." The Indians were involved in a bat-swinging episode with DETROIT (3-4), when their second baseman, Pedro Gonzalez, carried a bat into a fight with Tiger Pitcher Larry Sherry. Gonzalez was fined \$500 and suspended for the rest of the season. "These Latins have to be taught a lesson," complained Tiger Manager Charley Dressen. The Indians protested Gonzalez' innocence and promptly signed him to a 1966 contract with a substantial raise. Before playing MINNESOTA (3-3), which needed two wins to clinch the pennant at home, BALTIMORE (7-0) Third Baseman Brooks Robinson said, "They will not win

this thing while we're in town because it would be much too embarrassing for us." The Orioles did win both games and later stretched their winning streak to seven games, but the Twins won their pennant in WASHINGTON (2-4) on Sunday. Roger Maris of NEW YORK (1-5) was scheduled for an operation on the right hand that he injured on June 28. Rumors persisted that Maris would be traded to a National League team. "You don't see me crying that we're leaving this place," said CALIFORNIA'S (3-5) Jim Fregoso, after the Angels played for the last time in Dodger Stadium and won a doubleheader from BOSTON (1-5). The Red Sox were shut out in three games, scored only one run in two others. No wonder Danny Murtaugh, now a Pittsburgh executive, turned down an offer to be the Red Sox' new director of player personnel. Stichel Paige's pitching philosophy, "You gotta keep the ball off the fat part of the bat," worked for three innings in his first start for KANSAS CITY (4-3). Paige gave up only one hit and allowed three balls to be hit out of the infield. CHICAGO (4-1) achieved a new first when it beat the Yankees in a late-season doubleheader and swept a three-game series—but it was a bit too late.

Standings: W 98-58, L 62 90-64, CH 91-68, NY 86-71, CLE 83-73, NY 75-81, Cal 73-81, Wash 67-85, Bos 61-87, KC 58-87

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Only a week ago I thought we had this thing wrapped up," said SAN FRANCISCO (2-4) Manager Herman Franks, "but the Dodgers keep winning and we keep losing." By Sunday night the Giants, who had led by four games the previous Monday, were tied for first place with LOS ANGELES (5-0), which had won nine straight, and both were only three games in front of CINCINNATI (3-2). The press hopped on Franks for strategic moves that backfired as the Giants lost three straight. In a scoreless game with the Reds, Herman ordered Slegger Jim Ray Hart to bunt after Willie Mays and Willie McCovey had singled with none out. Hart hurried into a force at third, and then the Reds' Sammy Ellis pitched out of the inning and went on to win 7-1. Explaining the move, Franks said, "They told me there would be a cloudburst at 9:30, and I wanted to get one run for Marchal." It didn't rain, and Marchal was knocked out of the box. Against the Reds the day before, Franks said he would pitch Starter Bob Shaw, working with only two days rest, "only four or five innings, pull him and go to the bullpen." Shaw pitched five strong innings, stayed in and was hit hard in the sixth. Concluded Franks, "If necessary, Warren Spahn'll

pitch, and I'll catch those last four games at home against the Reds." The Dodgers, meanwhile, rallied behind Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre, one of their former bat boys. Lefebvre drove in seven runs in five games during the week to win three ball games for the Dodgers and now has batted in the winning run 13 times this season. And Pitcher Sandy Koufax became the majors' all-time strikeout champion when he whiffed his 349th batter in the Dodgers' 154th game, thereby breaking Bob Feller's record without needing one of Ford Frick's asterisks. The Reds' Jim Maloney won his 20th game when Vada Pinson tripled home Pete Rose for the only run against BOSTON (1-3). Noting that the Reds' travel itinerary listed no arrangements for a flight to Cincinnati after their last regular-season game, Outfielder Frank Robinson joked: "I guess we're going to have to walk home from San Francisco if we don't win the pennant." MILWAUKEE (2-6) was officially eliminated from the race despite Tony Clossinger's 23rd victory, a four-hitter against the Giants. General Manager John Quinn of PITTSBURGH (5-2) said he hoped to get another Jim Bunning in a winter trade and has plenty of outfielders to offer. Hard-luck veteran Carl Willey, who had a 2-9 record this year at Buffalo, beat the Phillies for New York (1-5). Vernon Law's sore elbow obliged PITTSBURGH (4-1) to send him home for the rest of the year. CHICAGO (2-3), mired in eighth place, was certain to have three 100-RBI men: Billy Williams and Ernie Banks had passed 100, while Ron Santo had 97. ST. LOUIS (2-3) will have none.

Standings: LA 91-64, SF 91-64, CLE 88-67, PH 78-73, W 83-72, PHI 81-74, SD 75-79, CH 70-88, Bos 63-82, NY 49-98

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



SAM McDOWELL

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING*

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs	RBIs	BA
SF Mays	112	Mays	108
LA Willy	88	Fairly	85
Cin Kasper	123	Johansen	124
Pitt Clemente	88	Stangor	105
MI Aaron	105	Warlick	94
PH Allen	51	Cashman	39
STL Brock	102	Flood	80
Chi Williams	111	Banks	305
New Morgan	92	Wynn	70
NY Lewis	83	Smith	81

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Bos Venable	123	Oliva	56	Oliva	322
Bali Robinson	78	Robinson	76	Robinson	305
Chi Buford	88	Shawson	75	Buford	218
Det Werl	78	Kalase	56	Kalase	280
Cle Gonzalez	89	Catalano	103	Whitefield	302
NY Fregoso	60	Tesch	71	Tesch	278
Cal Jorgis	63	Fregoso	60	Peirson	282
Wash McMillen	59	Howard	81	Howard	287
Bos Compkins	79	Morille	90	Yastrzemski	306
KC Campanillo	66	Marshall	66	Companillo	269

*Although Sept. 25

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CORNBELL

Sirs:

How can you label Nebraska the best college football team in the land is almost beyond comprehension (Scouting Reports, Sept. 20). Even though an undefeated season may lie ahead, Nebraska will have done nothing more than move through a cream-puff schedule. Honestly now, would you still select Nebraska if Coach Bob Devaney had to prepare his forces for a representative Big Ten schedule which might include such as Michigan, Ohio State, Purdue and Minnesota, along with an outsider like USC or Notre Dame?

HAROLD M. WILSON

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sirs:

The pictures of the Nebraska Cornhuskers on your college football cover and in the corresponding article do show a fine Nebraska football team. However, just to keep things in their proper perspective, we must remind you that the guys in the cardinal shirts and helmets won that particular game (Arkansas 10, Nebraska 7).

J. S. ADAMSON, M.D.
E. H. HARPER, M.D.

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on the College Football Issue and, especially, your pick for No. 1 in the land—Nebraska.

CARL T. CURTIS
U.S. Senate

Washington

Sirs:

The biggest fumble is your failure to give feature billing to the Arkansas Razorbacks in your College Football Issue! Your cover picture screams FULLBACK FRANK SOLICH BREAKS AWAY, but statistics show that in that game he broke away for only 34 yards in 11 carries. Look closely. It seems to me Nebraska's Solich is about to be stopped by two Razorbacks.

Every dog or hog should have his day, and this is Razorback time!

"Whooot, Pig! Sodey!"

ANGEL MADGE KEITH PAYNE
Hewasie, Ark.

Sirs:

How did Syracuse get to be No. 19 and LSU No. 9? Syracuse should be in the top 10 and LSU in the top three. I also think it's high time the SEC was recognized as the best football conference in the country.

RICK SULTZER

Cheltenham, Pa.

Sirs:

So Minnesota plays a rushing game? I hope by the end of the season you ignoramuses will learn that the Minnesota passing attack is second to none. The combination of Hankinson to Brown will be known throughout the country.

DANIEL CORCORAN

Rochester, Minn.

FOOTBALL OPEN

Sirs:

Who is this John Underwood? How can he or anybody say that college football is more exciting than pro ball (*The College Game Is Best*, Sept. 20)? In college only a couple of the ballplayers are good, while in the pros they are all the pick of the nation and are trained as a unit to know as much as possible about the game.

If John Underwood wants to see the best football played in the nation with the best fans and the best spirit, put him on a train to Baltimore and have him watch the Baltimore Colts as they win their way to the world championship.

STEVE DIMOND

Brooklandville, Md.

Sirs:

John Underwood's argument is hogwash. The college game is best—when you are in college. But if you are either pre-college or post-college, then college football loves something: its intimacy. I would give Mr. Underwood high odds that most St. Louisans would much rather see the Cardinals vs., say, the Cleveland Browns, than (ugh) the Washington University Bears against the Rolla School of Mines Miners.

BILL HURST

Crestwood, Mo.

Sirs:

No excitement in pro football? What more could there be than knowing that any team in the league can score from anywhere on the field in one play? How many times do you see a college quarterback inside his own five-yard line drop back into his own end zone to throw the long bomb?

I'll put a \$3 bill on one of those hog-belled pros against a trim college football player in a one-and-one situation anytime.

DAVID R. MCCOY

Altoona, Pa.

Sirs:

At last and thank heaven! Your article is a masterpiece. For years I have watched these "pros" play what passes as football. For years I have been conscious of their fat bellies and short wind. These men are ath-

letes? Pass, pass, pass. Stay in the pocket.

It is my opinion that 50% of the pro fans have never seen a college team play. They only think they are watching football. Actually, it is a money-making scheme, pure and simple. College football has something the pros can never get—atmosphere.

CHARLES F. CLAIRVILLE

Metuchen, N.J.

Sirs:

My hat is off to John Underwood for his splendid article. I share his preference for the variety and tradition of the college game. And I am somewhat nauseated when pseudofans spoil my lunch with jabber about Z-outs and safety dogs.

I cannot promise, however, that I won't resemble Jim Brown next Sunday, knocking down old ladies and ushers on the church steps to avoid missing the kickoff of the NFL TV go. For real fun, though, I'll sit with John Underwood at the Arkansas-Texas or Ohio State-Michigan game.

JIM HALLSTAD

Bristol, Tenn.

Sirs:

I agree with John Underwood about the myth of the "great" pass patterns the pros run. Television's isolated camera shows that the pros use the same pass patterns we run when we were in grammar school, playing tag football in the street.

BRADLEY C. JUDKINS

Haverhill, Mass.

Sirs:

John Underwood is the biggest idiot in the U.S.

LAWRENCE J. PAGE

Detroit

Sirs:

Rah, rah, Underwood! Great article! Congratulations and thanks from one of your many fellow college football enthusiasts.

ASA BUSHNELL

Princeton, N.J.

BIG ON THE SMALLS

Sirs:

It was quite a pleasant surprise to see that your Scouting Reports gave considerable attention to the small colleges. I spent four enjoyable years at Muskingum College (Ohio Conference) watching a home team of much higher caliber than I saw during my graduate work at Indiana University. The crashing of hard-hitting lines could be heard well beyond the confines of the stadium, and the explosive play of the likes of Bill (Cannonball) Cooper inow of the 49ers)

continued

Cool tip from Warren Miller.

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16TH HOLE *crossword*

and Roger LaLonde (now of the Lions) made Saturday afternoons in New Concord much more interesting than they were in Bloomington.

I was especially pleased that you included Coach Ed Sherman's outstanding record of 124-41-7. Many Ohioans shudder at the mere thought of "Sherman's Tanks" rolling into town.

DONALD R. CONNORS

Fort Lee, Va.

PREVIEWS

Sirs:

I greatly enjoyed your article on Arthur Ashe (*Kug for a Day*, Sept. 20). I wonder how many people know that Ashe gave tennis fans in Lynchburg, Va. a preview of one of his big matches in the U.S. national singles championships? Ashe was coached in tennis by a Lynchburg physician, Dr. Walter Johnson, who specializes in taking young Negro players and developing them into tennis stars (he also coached Althea Gibson). On August 22 a Dr. Johnson Appreciation Day was held in Lynchburg. Ashe had consented the previous fall to come and play an exhibition match. It was planned for him to play some local talent, but Lynchburg had no one who could offer him adequate competition. Ashe was contacted in Spain at the Davis Cup matches and asked if he could bring his own opponent. He cabled that he would bring Dennis Ralston. At the last minute, however, Ralston was told to rest by the Davis Cup captain, so who stepped off the plane in Lynchburg with Ashe? None other than Manuel Santana, who had just beaten the Americans in Spain. Because of the international goodwill among tennis players, Santana had agreed to accompany Ashe to Lynchburg.

Incidentally, Santana won the match, which was shortened to one set, 13-11. Ashe and Santana also paired with other players in two doubles matches.

BOBBY QUILLIAN

Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for your good article on the U.S. tennis championships at Forest Hills. I would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the foresight you showed more than three years ago in publishing an article by Roger Williams entitled *Young Man Coming on Strong* (April 23, 1962) about Charles Pasarell, then 18 years old.

Charlie has defeated Fred Stolle twice this year and Roy Emerson twice, and seems ready to break into the top ranks of world tennis, along with Arthur Ashe. U.S. tennis will soon be on the upswing again.

KEN GLANTZ

New Preston, Conn.

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Now, in fall, when sales are slow at your dealer's, you can get a better deal than at any other time of year. And on one of *next year's* models. So see your Cavalier, Sea Skiff, Roamer, or Chris-Craft dealer to inspect the new models, and to learn about the off-season savings!

Each of these four new fleets for 1966 offer smartly styled models with unparalleled performance and splendid new features — to make boating more pleasurable than ever. And the choices are wider than ever: 84 models from 15 to 65 feet; sport boats, cruisers, and yachts,

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Too Much Talk Takes the Fun out of a Trip

The author and his wife discovered that sometimes it is better policy not to say anything about plans to travel around the world, especially if there is a doctor in the house

by JAMES COYLE

A trip abroad used to mean simply that you obtained a passport, packed and went. Now modern science has made travel, like everything else, complicated. This was borne in on me at a cocktail party where my wife and I met a physician who had just returned from girdling the globe.

"How thrilling, doctor," my wife said. "We've been saving for years to go around the world!"

"A most rewarding experience," the doctor said, carefully testing his drink. "If you take the necessary precautions."

"Oh, we plan to carry lots of traveler's checks," my wife said. "We'll take a Canarder from New York—"

"First, you'll both need a physical," the doctor went on firmly. "Then shots. Take along spare glasses and a prescription. And if you have a condition requiring emergency care—"

"I'm lipped on cycling through the English countryside," I put in. "Stopping at little wayside inns, you know."

"Wayside inns remind me," the doctor said, "of an emergency operation I performed in one. It was in Sussex, as I recall. Diabetic mortician from Grand Forks, Iowa. He had forgotten to wear his wrist tag giving instructions in case of—"

"Then Paris, the shops, the Louvre," my wife said. "After that we want to motor through the southern provinces, sampling wines, cheeses, bouillabaisse—"

"Beware of salads," the doctor warned. "My wife caught the devil's own dose of diarrhea eating some leafy concoction in a little café in Provence."

"Spain is what I'm really looking forward to," I said. "Gypsy dancers, amon-tillado, the bullfights in Seville."

"Speaking of bulls," the doctor said, "I'll never forget Pamplona. A foundation-garment salesman from Puyallup, Wash. was trampled during the running, and we almost lost him. Lockjaw. He'd forgotten to take his tetanus booster."

"Tell me, doctor," my wife said, "is

it true the gondolas in Venice are being replaced by outboards?"

"Couldn't say, really," the doctor replied. "You see, I was laid up with dysentery the whole of our stay there. The drinking water. Don't touch it. Also watch out for ice, raw milk, uncooked fruits and vegetables."

"Ah, *Oktoberfest* in Munich," my wife said, with a sigh. "Christmas in the Tyrol. Skiing at Kitzbuhel."

"Overexertion is the danger in high altitudes," the doctor said. "On our first day in St. Moritz a sewage inspector from Trenton, N.J. had a coronary."

"I'm hoping conditions will allow for an African safari," I said. "What was it Hemingway wrote in *The Green Hills*?"

"Be sure and take your yellow fever shot," the doctor said. "The disease is endemic throughout much of Africa. The shot is quite simple. One inoculation insures immunization and is valid for six years beginning 10 days after."

"Then to romantic Cairo, the Nile, Shepherd's," my wife said. "Did you view the Sphinx by moonlight, doctor?"

"Yes, but I couldn't enjoy it," the doctor said. "I'd picked up a skin infection from using the pool in a native bath-

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Too Much Talk *continued*

house. Take my advice, never swim in unchlorinated pools."

"To me, India epitomizes the East," I said. "The holy Ganges, Moslem fakirs, the timeless beauty of the Taj Mahal—"

"Cholera," the doctor said. "That's the thing to guard against in India. It's endemic. However, your vaccination certificate is good for six months, beginning six days after the second injection."

"We thought we'd stop over in Hong Kong and pick up some handmade suits," my wife said. "I suppose, doctor, the name arouses a host of memories."

"I remember there was a lot of louse-borne typhus around," the doctor said.



"But you've nothing to worry about if you take your shots. Two inoculations spaced seven to 10 days apart will—"

"For some reason, Australia has always intrigued me," I said. "Maybe it's the vast uncharted bush, the aborigines with their age-old customs."

"You can say that!" the doctor shuddered. "They hardly know what a thermometer is, and as for bathing!" The doctor looked at his watch. "Excuse me, folks, I've a patient to see. Charmed to meet you both."

"It's been marvelous hearing about your trip, doctor," my wife said.

"We've enjoyed every minute of it," I said.

"Instead of spending our money on a round-the-world trip," my wife said, "maybe we'd better both get a complete physical. We could just about pay for two weeks at the Mayo brothers'."

"A good idea," I said. "And the sooner the better."

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